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The War: Bulletin, Sept. 7, p. m.-Sept. 14, a. m.—The German Drive—German Note on the Arabic—The Case of Ambassador Dumba. Germany: American Munitions. Great Britain: The Bristol Convention. Ireland: Home Rule and Other Items. Mexico: Carranza's Reply: The Fourth Letter. Rome: Masses on All Souls' Day. Spain: Anticlerical Agitation. 553-556

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Large Families of the Poor—The War and the Church in France—The Church and Socialism—Catholic Journalism in Canada—Why Complain?—A Modern Mystic.....557-564

COMMUNICATIONS

An Anglican's Position—Dangers in the Navy—Practical Catholic Journalism—A Catholic Book-keeping Office.....564, 565

EDITORIALS

Will they Remain Catholics?—God, Freedom, the Constitution—Rescue the Kittens and the Cats!—Well Worth Watching—What They Said: the Sanger Trial—Groundless Fear.....566-569

LITERATURE

IX—"John Oliver Hobbes."

REVIEWS: The Practice of Mental Prayer—Some Love Songs of Petrarch—The Making of Western Europe.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: "The Mass"—The September Month—"Aunt Sarah and the War"—"Milton"—"The Butterfly Guide"—"The Practical Writing System"—"Selections from the Symbolic Poems of William Blake"—Two Sonnets.

BOOKS RECEIVED569-572

EDUCATION

The Schoolgirl in old New England....573, 574

SOCIOLOGY

Margaret O'Connor and the Industrial Commission574, 575

NOTE AND COMMENT

A Lone Strike-Breaker—Another "Loyal Remnant"—A Storm in a Massachusetts Teakettle—Cause of the War—Newman and Huxley—China and Rome—Gallant Frenchmen—Doctors Disagree575, 576

CHRONICLE

The War.—During the week there has been no important change on any of the fronts. In France the Crown Prince made a number of violent attacks in the

Argonne with the purpose of fighting his way down to St. Mihiel, but in no case did he gain more than a temporary advantage. Elsewhere in France and Flanders operations were confined to ineffective artillery fire. No substantial progress has been made either by the Allies in Gallipoli or by the Italians along the Isonzo and in the Trentino.

In the east after a period of comparative quiet the Germans are again actively engaged in trying to effect a crossing of the Dvina, and from three directions are advancing on Dvinsk. They are also pressing forward in the direction of Pinsk, and have crossed the river Zelwianka. Further south the Austrians have taken Dubno, but in eastern Galicia, along the Sareth, they have encountered vigorous resistance, both at Tarnopol and Trembowla, and at both these places have been forced to retire before superior numbers. It would seem, therefore, that the German drive, in spite of a temporary check, has been resumed.

It is impossible to say whether the stiffening of the Russian resistance is to be ascribed to an increase in supplies of ammunition, or to a change of policy, inaugurated at the removal of the Grand Duke Nicholas and the assumption of the supreme command by the Czar himself. Certainly for the past four months the consistent plan of the Grand Duke has been to avoid a pitched battle, to keep his armies intact, and to defer anything like a decisive encounter. Already the Germans

have proceeded far from their base of supplies and are now operating in an increasingly difficult territory; besides, the rainy season, which begins in October, will soon make further advance hazardous, if not impossible.

The German note on the sinking of the Arabic, which the Government of the United States had been officially requested to await before taking action, was handed to Ambassador Gerard on September 8.

*German Note
on the Arabic*

It is based on the report of the commander of the submarine, admits the fact of his attack on the Arabic, expresses regret for the loss of life and especially American life, but declares that the firing of the torpedo was an act of self-defense:

According to his instructions the commander was not allowed to attack the Arabic without warning and without saving the lives unless the ship attempted to escape or offered resistance. He was forced, however, to conclude from the attendant circumstances that the Arabic planned a violent attack on the submarine.

The attendant circumstances referred to are stated as follows: at first the Arabic was seen to be making directly for the submarine, but as she approached she altered her course, but then again pointed directly towards the submarine. "From this the commander became convinced that the steamer had the intention of attacking and ramming him;" a conclusion which the note claims was the more obvious as the same commander had been fired upon a few days before by another large passenger steamer, which he had neither attacked nor stopped.

The note goes on to disavow any obligation "to grant indemnity in the matter, even if the commander should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the Arabic." On this point, however, the German Government is prepared to refer any differences of opinion between the two countries to the Hague for arbitration.

The arrest by English secret service men at Falmouth, England, of Mr. James J. F. Archibald, an American, and the seizure of papers destined for the Austrian Government, of which he had been made

*The Case of
Ambassador Dumba*

the bearer by Austrian officials in this country, has brought to a crisis the matter of the shipment of munitions of war to the Allies, which has been so long under discussion between the two countries. It will be remembered that the United States, in answer to Austria's protest, refused to prohibit "the exportation of arms, ammunition, or other munitions of war to belligerent powers during the progress of the war." The Austrian Ambassador was then instructed to bring to the notice of his countrymen that according to the Austrian Military Criminal Code and the Hungarian Book of Military Criminal Jurisdiction, all those who took part in such manufactures "were engaged in a crime against the armed military forces of the State," a crime punishable, even when committed abroad, "by penal servitude of from ten to twenty years and in more serious cases by death by hanging," should they return to Austria or Hungary. Germany had already used this method with success, for it had forced German workers to seek other employment.

Mr. Dumba, however, went further, and sent to his Government plans for instigating strikes in American manufacturing plants of munitions of war. This fact was made clear in certain papers, found in Mr. Archibald's effects, and forwarded by Ambassador Page to Washington. The Austrian Ambassador, in a conference with Mr. Lansing, admitted his action, and as a result, the United States instructed Ambassador Penfield at Vienna to convey to the Foreign Office of Austria-Hungary the information that "Mr. Dumba is no longer acceptable to the Government of the United States as the Ambassador of his Imperial Majesty at Washington." In the note in which this statement occurs, two reasons are assigned for this inacceptability: "the admitted purpose and intent of Mr. Dumba to conspire to cripple legitimate industries of the people of the United States and to cripple their legitimate trade," and "the flagrant violation of diplomatic propriety in employing an American citizen, protected by an American passport, as a secret bearer of official despatches through the lines of the enemy of Austria-Hungary."

Germany.—In an important article contributed to the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, Dr. Karl Bachem, a member of the Reichstag and a Catholic leader, suggests the possibility that the nature and extent of *American Munitions* American exportation of munitions of war has been grossly exaggerated by persons who are interested in stirring up ill-feeling between Germany and the United States. Dr. Bachem declares that his opinion rests upon reports received from credible sources, and asserts that it is difficult to escape the belief that false reports are being spread throughout

Germany with a persistence and thoroughness which argues the existence of a propaganda.

It seems as if we are to be incited systematically through exaggerated reports of American war supplies, in order to impel us to war against America. Caution and reserve in the matter of criticizing the commercial methods of the American Government at this moment is the duty of every enlightened citizen.

Justice as well as the truest love of Fatherland, writes Dr. Bachem, will undoubtedly rule the counsels of the Government in dealing with this question. Unwarranted statements issued by individuals or by the press can end only in unprofitable bitterness.

Great Britain.—The speeches of Mr. J. A. Seddon and of the Minister of Munitions, Mr. Lloyd George, at the Bristol Trade Unions Convention, illustrate the growing belief that the issue of the war depends upon the skill and good will of the workers at home. After

*The Bristol
Convention*

quoting from a circular in which union workers were counseled not to work at full capacity, the Minister said that if this advice were to prevail, the cause was lost, and he pleaded for the abolition of all union restrictions which would limit the output of munitions. "The Government," he said, "cannot equip the army at this time unless the unions suspend all restrictions barring unskilled labor and all restrictions on a maximum output." Because of union restrictions, only fifteen per cent. of the available factories could be worked on a night shift, and if these restrictions were maintained the Government would find the task of securing the 200,000 men needed for the new arsenals exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible.

Unless the unions allow unskilled men and women to do, as far as they are able, work done by skilled workers, unless they allow, in fact, an unqualified relaxation of the union rules, we are making straight for disaster. Every hour counts, every hour means death, every hour takes us farther from victory and nearer defeat, unless it is an hour spent by the nation in putting its whole strength into this great struggle for victory and freedom for the democracies of Europe.

The Minister declared that the Government had kept its part of the contract by abolishing war profits in ninety-five per cent of the munition factories, and in answer to his question the labor delegates admitted with reluctance that labor had not shown an equal readiness to fulfil its part of the agreement.

Ireland.—The operation of the Home Rule Bill still continues a source of anxiety and heated discussion. Recently Mr. Redmond delivered an important speech in Waterford dealing with the Suspensory Act, in which he said that the Bill cannot be delayed from coming into operation "one single hour after the end of the war," and if its provisions are not already in force at that time,

*Home Rule and
Other Items*

under the Suspensory Act, the Bill "automatically comes into operation at that very moment."

Both the *Leader* and *New Ireland* take vigorous issue with the speaker on this point. The former after pertinently remarking that Mr. Asquith said the Bill would not come into operation until Parliament had an opportunity of altering it by an amending Bill, asks what is to prevent a new Suspensory Act. The answer has not yet been given. *New Ireland* contends "that after September 17 (until which date Home Rule is definitely suspended) the time when the Bill is to come into operation is an open question." According to the latter paper Ulster is the only obstacle to the operation of the Act. The financial impediment disappeared with the war-taxes last autumn. "Ireland has been since then not only paying her way, but paying a war contribution of at least £1,000,000 per annum." Meantime the country is agitated over the imprisonment of Irish Volunteers. Mr. Devlin has demanded that, if there can be no retrial, the prisoners be released. The Dublin Corporation has adopted the following resolution:

That this Council, representing every shade of opinion in Dublin, hereby enters an emphatic protest against the unjust treatment of our fellow-countrymen (members of the Irish Volunteers) who have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment without satisfactory reasons being given; that we demand their immediate release, and desire to draw the attention of our Parliamentary representatives to the unequal administration of the law as regards public utterances and writings in Ireland and in England; further, that we demand the same privileges to be extended to Irishmen as have been given to Lord Northcliffe and the English Press presently opposed to the British Government.

The Limerick Corporation protests that:

The deportation of Irishmen for no assigned reason constitutes a grave encroachment on the civil rights of the people, and it is the duty of public representatives to protest against any unwarranted exercise of despotic powers.

The whereabouts of the Ulster Division is still somewhat of a mystery. Its officers are "sporting" at a British watering place, and the *Catholic Times* of London declares it could give precise information about the Division, but the censor forbids. The same paper announces that Mr. Redmond has stated that the Tenth Irish Division, recruited in the south and west of Ireland, has gone abroad, and that the Sixteenth Division is about to be brought to Salisbury Plain from Ireland "for a final touch of field training."

Mexico.—Carranza has replied to the note sent him in August by Secretary Lansing and the diplomatic representatives of Brazil, Chili, Argentina, Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala, petitioning all the

Carranza's Reply:
The Fourth Letter

factional chiefs, in the name of humanity and patriotism, to quit their strife and assemble in a peace conference. The "First Chief" refuses to comply with the request, asserting that he can permit no interference by foreign Governments and claiming that his army of 150,000 men

controls all Mexico, except the States of Chihuahua, Morelos, and a part of Sonora. He proceeds to say that public service has been restored and that the activities of normal life have been reborn in fields and cities, so that soon peace will reign once again. A peace pact, the Chief insists, was Madero's undoing. For all these reasons Carranza refuses to parley with his enemies; and there the matter rests for the present. The Villistas issued a short reply pointing out that Carranza miscalculates the extent of his control and promising a detailed answer in the near future. AMERICA's Mexican correspondent submits this fourth letter for consideration:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I promised that in this present letter I would state my opinions with regard to the Mexican Revolution. I shall consider it, not as it presents itself, in all its naked shamelessness and villainy, with its hands stained with murder, its heart blackened and hardened through injustice, its whole body defiled with crime and lawlessness, but as it showed itself to the Administration at Washington, unfurling the standard of justice with one hand, pretending to break with the other hand, the shackles which the "Cientificos," the army and the clergy were said to have fastened on the disinherited and outcast classes of the unhappy country. In my standard, neither prejudice nor passion has any part. This premised, I make this double affirmation: In its acts the present Mexican Revolution is one of "atrocious frightfulness and savagery; in its ideals, one of indescribable folly and insanity." Of the first, I shall say nothing. That part has already been proved, I believe, in my former letters, as well as in documents published in the United States, signed and testified to under oath by persons worthy of all respect and credence and incapable of a lie. I come to my second statement, the folly and stupidity of the movement.

So then, this Revolution has but one purpose and aim: to make the government of the republic really and genuinely democratic, not merely in name, but in fact. Now, since a democracy is "the government of the people, by the people, for the people," the first obstacle to the realization of this ideal, is to be found in the Mexican people themselves. For if the Revolution intends to act fairly and democratically, it must understand by that word "people," either the entire number of persons constituting the Mexican nation, or only those inhabitants who make up the more numerous but poorer and less enlightened portion. In either supposition, such a democracy will necessarily continue to be for a long time what it has been up to this, an enchanting and alluring ideal, but so high and lofty that this new republic, still in its infancy, cannot hope to reach it. For if, in the first supposition, all the men use the privilege of universal suffrage and share in the government of the country, what will be the result? Before many years, we shall have this deplorable state of affairs. Either the upper and leading classes will be the only ones to vote, or in case all are obliged by law to go to the polls, the farmers and country-folk, the ranchmen and peons, and even the majority of the laborers will vote at the bidding and according to the wishes of their masters, employers and "bosses." This means a return to the democratic régime of Porfirio Diaz with all its corruptness and abuses. The reason is evident. The lower classes of the Mexican people are absolutely uneducated. They have not even that minimum of knowledge and training strictly necessary for an interest and a share in the affairs of the country. These poor people are in no condition to form political opinions, they can have no personal and independent views. As a consequence we shall have on the one hand the endeavor of the ruling classes to catch the greatest possible number of votes, on the other the struggle of the lower orders to curry favor with their

masters and leaders. The result is evident: a democracy in theory and in name, but in practice the absolute and exclusive rule of the favored few.

But if for a few months after their final triumph the Revolutionists manage to let the rabble now in the field alone share in the government, then social ruin and anarchy will be the outcome. Mexico will be turned into a pit of wild and savage beasts. The nations that might still continue to respect the sovereignty of such a country would be bound in charity to post up on its borders the warning sign: "No thoroughfare! Danger ahead! You proceed at your own risk!" Now do not tell me that the watchfulness and care of the Government or a well-managed electoral campaign will in a short time do away with the apathy and indifference of these lower classes. Illusion! This apathy is not only a consequence of their ignorance and a corollary of their moral decline, it lies deeper: it is also the natural fruit of their suspicious fears, the spontaneous and external manifestation of their complete social isolation. In every nation of the world there is but one country, one fatherland. For Frenchmen it is the land of St. Louis and Joan of Arc; for Englishmen, that of St. Edward and Wellington; for Americans, that of Washington and Lincoln. In Mexico alone the inhabitants of the same soil have no common country, no common fatherland. Only of Mexico can it be said that 16,000,000, far from being united by a common bond of brotherly affection, far from being inspired by the same national memories and ideals, in spite of the nominal and theoretic equality sanctioned by its constitution, remain distinct in two camps, each containing 8,000,000 and as far apart now as formerly when there were two parties, the conquerors and the conquered. For in Mexico there is no social unity. Hence I said, there is no common country. It is true men speak of the land of Hidalgo, Iturbide, Juarez. But while 8,000,000 Mexicans surround the deeds of these men with all the political prestige they deserve, the Indians, 8,000,000 also, can see in them only so many rallying cries against the unjust usurpation of conquerors. For the Indians what does this mean? Let us frankly state the facts: eight million Indians, just one-half of the population of Mexico, say to themselves: "The white man is a foreigner, a stranger, hence a conqueror." The other half of the population says: "The Indian cannot be my countryman, he is my inferior, an outcast, a pariah." Well, if this is so, and it is, if the root of this absolute indifference and listlessness has gone so deep down into the soul of one-half of the Mexican people, I ask you: Is it possible that the watchful care of the Government or the most efficiently organized electoral campaign can after a few years engender a true democratic spirit, the lack of which has been the everlasting pretext of our revolutions? Inborn defects are not so easily remedied. Nations are not made in a day.

The Revolutionists tell us that in Mexico there are revolutions because there is no democratic government there. No: revolutions rise and run riot in the unhappy country because those who instigate and support them have not a single spark of true manhood or honor. Democracy, the rule of the people is not found there because it cannot exist in the land. When one-half of a people is not only absolutely indifferent to its political rights, but as a body profoundly antagonistic to the other half, a true democracy is an impossibility. And to attempt the impossible is sheer folly and insanity.

A. COROLLA.

Rome.—The Apostolic Constitution granting permission for three Masses on All Souls' Day is printed in the last issue of the *Acta Apostolica Sedis*. By this decree every priest throughout the world is allowed to say three Masses on that day under the following conditions: The first Mass may be offered for any inten-

tion the priest may choose and a stipend may be accepted; the second Mass must be offered for the Faithful departed; the third for the intention of the Holy Father. All altars are "privileged" for this occasion. The Masses to be said are: (1) *In commemoratione omnium fidelium defunctorum*; (2) *In anniversario defunctorum*; (3) *In missis quotidianis*. In the second and third Masses, however, the *Dies ira* is prescribed and the prayers have been somewhat modified. Should a priest desire to celebrate but once, he must choose the Mass, "in commemoration of all the Faithful departed"; if a Mass is to be sung, the one just mentioned must be chosen for the purpose. In this latter case the first Mass will be, *In anniversario defunctorum*; the second, *In missis quotidianis*; the third, or "sung" Mass, *In commemoratione omnium fidelium defunctorum*. Finally, if the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for the Forty Hours' Adoration, the *requiem* Masses are not to be said at the "Altar of Exposition." Other details of this very important decree may be found in the *Acta Apostolica Sedis* under date of August 14, 1915.

Spain.—Count Romanones, the leader of the Spanish Liberals, has again appealed to the monarchical and republican sections of the "Left," urging them to combine and to start a vigorous anticlerical campaign. It is the third time since the war that the Liberal Chief has exhorted these various groups to organize their forces and to carry out the radical policies of Moret, Salmeron and Canalejas. When Canalejas was in power, the Count had already advocated a similar coalition. He pretended to justify such an alliance with the enemies of the monarchy, by saying that when the Republican Party would see the monarchy engaged in a thoroughly radical, i. e., anti-Catholic program, it would rally to the support of the throne. It is a matter of history how after the death of Canalejas, Romanones attempted to carry out these views. In his recent manifesto, following closely on his statement in June, the Count is even more explicit and urgent. Quoting from a "reformist" journal of Guipuzcoa, *La Croix* of Paris, thus gives the Leader's views:

I firmly believe that the union and cooperation of all the groups and members of the Republican party, is absolutely necessary if we really look for the realization of a genuinely democratic program, in the larger meaning of the word. I ask all the groups and sections of the "Left," to forget their differences and quarrels and to work together at the common task.

Romanones is trying to rally together under his leadership the "Jacobin" or radical forces of the country to overthrow the Dato Cabinet, and begin a "democratic" program. This means a rupture with the Vatican, the secularization of the schools, the suppression and spoliation of the religious Orders, the enslavement and persecution of the Church.

Masses on
All Souls' Day

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Large Families of the Poor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. O'Malley, in your issue of July 3, advocates what would be considered by many people an extraordinarily large family, and gives his reason. It would be interesting to hear what he has to say to those eugenists and others who hold that the younger children of a large family are nearly always defective, and that poverty stricken parents who undertake to raise a great many children are unable to give them the attention and education possible with a small family, besides having to forego many legitimate pleasures themselves, and grow old before their time. I wonder if he would favor the readers of AMERICA with his opinion on that subject?

Brooklyn.

S. W. SYMONS.

THE writer asks: (1) What I have to say to those eugenists who hold that "the younger children of a large family are nearly always defective."

They are not. Even in families that have defective children from disease, heredity or vice, the younger children as such do not differ from the others except accidentally.

(2) The eugenists say that "poverty stricken parents who undertake to raise a great many children are unable to give them the attention and education possible with a small family."

Any poverty stricken mother I ever saw, and I see such daily, gives as much attention in essentials to ten children as she does to three. The same is true for people that are not poverty stricken. Almost as a rule the poor give more attention to their ten children than the very rich do to their one. The rich hire a substitute. That is the reason the rivas of Tophet have so many rich visitors after the funeral. The education obtained by the poor, whether they have one or ten children, is free; and this objection has no force.

(3) Poverty stricken parents with large families "forego many legitimate pleasures themselves and grow old before their time."

The poverty stricken parents, even when they have only one child, have no pleasures except the glass of beer, the pipe of tobacco, the "movies," gossip on the fire escape, "going to church," and the like; and ten children will not affect such pleasures, but enhance them. When a father is aged prematurely it is not because of the number of children. Married men live longer than the single who have no children at all. There never yet was a mother at her sixtieth birthday who had raised ten children that was half as antiquated as a spinster of fifty who had raised nothing to her eternal credit but several generations of cats.

These sociological questions are, however, extremely complicated and not to be dismissed readily. What is meant by a normally large family? Should any man or woman marry and bring into the world all the children possible? Is a houseful of starvelings better than no

children at all? Are the biologists right in saying that such and such persons should not marry? Is the physician's point of view correct? One can readily ask questions enough like these, but an adequate answer to them would fill volumes. Moreover, we must take the world as it is. The blessings attainable in an ideal Christian society for a large family are not for the poverty stricken of our society, which is anything but ideal.

The poverty stricken mother of a large family has trouble enough, but those that dwell on this phase of her condition when considering her large family, wholly miss the central fact. The end and very justification of marriage is to beget and to educate children for the greater glory of God and the eternal happiness of these children. No one is obliged to marry, but whoever does, should fulfil the purpose of the Sacrament, if it is physically possible to do so; and neither poverty nor wealth enters into the factor of physical potency. The aim of civil society should be not to limit the number of children among the poverty stricken, but to remove the causes that make for great poverty, and they can be removed. The poor we shall always have with us, but that we have the poverty stricken is a social crime. It is all very charming to talk pathetically of the poor, and a noble deed to spend one's life in helping the poor, but poverty is not a blessing as a rule. It always rests on individual or social ignorance or crime, in the poor man himself, in his forbears, or in civil society. Poverty at best, in the natural life, is practically always a blunder, to say the least. Still all this is beside the question.

Existence, no matter how sordid, is immeasurably better than non-existence, for non-existence is nothing; and when we consider eternal life after separation from the body, existence rises to infinite possibilities above non-existence. A human life, even in an Australian Bushman, in a tubercular pauper, in the vilest criminal, is in itself so stupendously noble a good that the whole universe exists for its upholding toward betterment. The raising of human life toward a higher condition has been the sole tendency of all the magnificent charity, sacrifice, patriotism, and heroism of the best men and women of the world. The "First Cause" itself is life, and life is by far the most sacred thing possible for the First Cause to effect. Eternal life is the reward of the just. The more lives, then, brought into the world ordinately, for the glory of God, the better.

As to poverty and its evils—if men and women would pay more attention to the neglected virtue of confidence in God, poverty would lose all its bitterness. Saint Lawrence was not bothered by his gridiron; nor Saint John by the cauldron of boiling oil. This statement is foolishness to most folk, but it holds a fact. With Christ in the house the coal bin may be low yet a man can laugh against the winds of March. Go to your parish church some morning and watch the old widow who for scores of gray years has stood in the places of poverty, but whose heart knows how to chat with "The Heart."

The man there in the dim light whispering, *Offerimus præclaræ majestati tuæ de tuis donis ac datis hostiam puram*, was her babe that lay at her breast, when she herself went hungry. The girls and boys kneeling beside her in the crowded pew with souls white and wonderful as her own, are hers through pain and joy. Watch her talking to the *Father* (note that name will you!) and to the Mother of mothers and of God, with the multiple aureole of motherhood about the faded bonnet, and you will be able to answer a deal of the difficulties of the eugenists, or whatever you call them, of the half-baked thought.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

The War and the Church in France

THERE can be no doubt that the Catholic Church will be in a better position in France after the war than before. I have pointed out repeatedly in the English *Saturday Review* and in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, that, long before the war began, there were numerous signs of a transformation of public opinion with respect to the mutual relations of Church and State. Active anticlericalism disappeared among the great mass of the people shortly after the Tangier affair in 1905; even villagers in remote countrysides or factory hands in districts honey-combed with socialism realized that the war against the Catholic Church had brought nobody good and only enabled the Radicals to remain in office without redeeming any of their promises. About the same time there also appeared in literature the sure indications that the leading minds of the country were as sick of negations, of philosophical air-castles, of empty formulæ of all sorts, as they were of the cynicism which naturalist literature insufficiently concealed under artistic pretexts. Patriotism imposed duties on everybody, and in spite of the transient success of Kantian philosophy, the French people have never succeeded in tearing themselves away even in their extremes, from a minimum of Christianity. The consequence was that Voltaireanism, Positivism, and even the elegant hypocrisy known as Renanism, promptly appeared antiquated. Even politicians felt the change in public opinion and braced themselves to speak of anticlericalism as a superannuated dogma. Men like M. Leygues, once a member of an anticlerical cabinet, and M. Detouche, once an active Freemason, pointed out the folly of a policy which gave the Church more real hold on the country than she possessed before the Separation Law, and of an application of the Association Law which only resulted in substituting Italian friars and Italian influence in the East for French friars and French influence. It took the stupid radical politicians to bring back anticlericalism to the foreground, three years after the Agadir affair and three months before Germany, deceived by the statements of M. Caillaux at the Pau convention, imagined that she could with impunity quarrel with a nation weakened by religious differences.

It is useless to point out once more how the Radicals had

been mistaken in hoping to awaken the echoes of the anticlericalism of old, and the Germans, in imagining that the merest political ticket corresponded to something vital in the country. The moment the mobilization began, there were only one soul and one impulse in France. As far as religion went, union was evident. All the able-bodied men marched to the front, accompanied by the 480 chaplains appointed by the same radical cabinet which only a few weeks before was closing the last religious communities.

Thousands of priests, 30,000 according to an English newspaper, were marching either as fighting men or with the Red Cross service; the rest remained in their parishes with the non-combatants, and day after day special services were held. To what extent these services attracted once rather slack congregations, I realized less than a month ago. Outside a village that contained a strong anti-clerical element, I chanced upon a man engaged in conversation with half-a-dozen soldiers bivouacking under a railroad bridge, and he was just saying: "In this village there are no longer political parties, and everybody goes to Mass in the morning and Benediction at night." This was the plain truth, and it applied to most parishes where a priest had been left. The dominant feeling for Catholicism which no amount of alien philosophy or religious controversy can ever kill in French hearts, was once more alive everywhere.

It is significant that after the fierce old anticlerical cries of the nonpatriotism of French priests, that the invaders of France have come to look upon the French clergy as their special enemies. The inference which the popular mind is sure to draw is inevitable. It is neither the radical magnate nor the socialist orator that the Germans regard as being in their way: it is the country priests, whom they evidently suspect of forming rallying centers. This cannot but react powerfully on public opinion and make it realize that unity must really be where the enemy sees it.

Surely it is impossible for a nation which was so indignant at the destruction of Reims cathedral, once more to side, when peace is restored, with the mad fanatics who a few years ago took these very cathedrals, to which they now attach passionate devotion, away from the Bishops; it is impossible that the tale of the death of Abbé Délebecque should not stay in the memory of the French peasant and the French worker, and rise between them and any fresh attempt at describing the clergy as the enemy of the people. I knew the Abbé Délebecque; he was in my class at the Cambrai Theological Seminary in 1893. I hope that his life will be written and read by millions: his pure, lovable soul must appear in letters which I trust will be found. Not one detail in the narrative of his last hours surprised me, and I feel that his serene death only glorified a perfect though obscure life. This will be felt by others than myself, no doubt.

Should the French people be victorious at the end of this war, a circumstance which must change materially

the present religious legislation would arise. If France is victorious, Alsace-Lorraine will undoubtedly be incorporated into the Republic. It is a deeply Catholic country, this Alsace-Lorraine, and the German Government has always seemed to realize this characteristic. It is not conceivable that the law against the religious Orders and the Separation Law will be enforced against the religious communities, bishops and priests of those two provinces, and that the first welcome that they receive should be the worst insult to their innermost feelings. On the other hand, is it possible for the French Government to admit tacitly that what was good for the whole country is bad, on the other hand, for one of its integral parts? This is the *impasse* in which the anticlerical politicians have involved themselves. I can see no way out for them save an admission of failure and defeat. The question I have asked answers itself, and it is evident that this great war of the year of Our Lord 1914 in religious as well as in mere political affairs will be as much a landmark as the French Revolution. ERNEST DIMNET.

The Church and Socialism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I formerly had no sympathy with Socialism, believing it to be a visionary ideal, but on being urged by a Socialist Labor Party man to study Socialist literature I found that Daniel de Leon had taken Socialism from the field of speculation and placed it on the bedrock of practicability (*sic*). The Socialist disregards all talk about men being inherently evil, and holds that human nature is the slave of condition and environment. So from the Church labor gets the edict, "Thou shalt not," from the labor leader and politician deceit and treachery; from the bourgeois prohibition, birth control, and the militia when on strike, and we have the Church without a program itself, defending a system that has on the one side its degenerate Thaws, its Rockefellers of Ludlow fame, and on the other side disease and misery. How much better would Christians feel to see the Church endeavoring to bring about a social order where the sublime teachings of the lowly Nazarene could be planted and bring forth fruit! Dr. Ryan in the *Catholic World* for May, practically admits that it is in profit, interest, and rent that the source of economic ills exists. Father McNabb a year ago showed how the evils that were to be the fruit of the Socialistic principles exist today, and if any further proof were needed gaze at the carnage in Europe.

I have attended a great many anti-Socialist lectures, but always to find the speaker build up a man of straw to be knocked down, never dealing honestly with Socialistic economic principles, but warning those present of the barnyard morality that will exist in the Socialist state. It was the reading of the history of the Church that caused me to drop my religious belief, and though it may not happen in our day, careful observation causes me to think that in taking the field against Socialism, the Church has left itself open to a blow from which it will never recover.

Boston.

W. J. MILLER.

THE only notable thing about Mr. Miller's communication is its essential resemblance to the average Socialist argument. The reason why the average Socialist is unable to think deeply or comprehensively is because he permits his feelings and desires to dominate his intellect, and because he is either unable or unwilling to see that life, particularly social life, is not simple at all

but bewilderingly complex. Therefore, when he comes upon a partial truth, like the influences of environment upon the individual, or the influence of the economic factor upon society, he hastily concludes that he has found a complete explanation of all social facts. Gazing intently at certain social facts without observing their relations, his conclusions have about the same value as that of the man who pronounced the shield black because black was the color of the side that he saw.

This misleading method finds illustration in almost every line of Mr. Miller's letter. One fine day he runs across the writings of Daniel de Leon, and behold! all the difficulties of the Socialist State vanish utterly. Socialism is no longer visionary, but founded on the "bed rock of practicability" (*sic*). Touching faith in the transcendent genius of one man! Mr. Miller believes that "human nature is the slave of condition and environment," shutting his eyes to the obvious fact that the individual will is after all free, and to the equally obvious fact that different individuals in precisely the same environment behave differently, and achieve different results. He does not ask himself why the same surroundings should have affected these various "slaves" so differently. He pictures labor as enslaved by an entirely anti-Socialist environment, and yet expects that labor will break through this environment and set up the Socialist State. He seems to intimate that because I see that profit, interest, and rent are the sources of economic ills, I ought to desire their abolition. It does not occur to him to reflect that, although I recognize railways as the source of railway accidents, and teeth as the source of toothache, I hesitate to advocate the destruction of railroads, or the universal adoption of artificial teeth. His peculiar logic does not permit him to see that I may look upon the present economic system with all its defects as superior to a Socialist order with its infinitely greater defects. Similarly he seems unable to realize that Father McNabb can acknowledge that some of the evils of Socialism exist even today, and yet can hold that in a Socialist régime these evils exist in far greater quantity.

All through Mr. Miller's letter it is the same story. He sees a few fragmentary truths and half-truths clearly and intensely, but cannot view them in their proper relations. He disregards the facts that he does not like, and permits his feelings to usurp the functions of his reason. He tells us that he finds anti-Socialist lecturers always setting up and then knocking down men of straw, whereas what really happens is that the presentation of Socialism given by these speakers does not agree with the Socialism of Mr. Miller's desires and hopes and faith. The facts do not harmonize with his wishes; therefore, he would have the facts made over.

Mr. Miller favors us with the information that his reading of the history of the Church caused him to lose his religious faith. Apparently he would have us infer that he had read church history comprehensively, and independently of his incursions into the literature of So-

cialism. Possibly he desires to convey the suggestion that a knowledge of church history is a menace to simple Catholic faith. He forgets, or perhaps he is unaware, that thousands upon thousands of intellectual and educated men and women have had their faith fortified rather than weakened by a comprehensive and intelligent study of the history of the Church. It is not at all improbable, however, that Mr. Miller's reading of church history began after he had already become a sympathetic student of Socialism, and that his entire course in the former subject was confined to Socialist books, to such shallow and perverted interpretations of church history as are to be found in the writings of Engels, Kautsky, and Hillquit. Has he read a single Catholic manual of church history? I doubt it.

While the language of this reply is somewhat severe, there is no intention to hurt Mr. Miller's feelings. But there is need of plain speaking. I know something of the shallowness, the narrowness, the ignorance, the lack of training, the general incapacity, and yet the cocksureness and the blatant arrogance of the average Socialist; and there is nothing in Mr. Miller's letter to indicate that he does not belong in the class of average Socialists. As such I have evaluated him and his arguments. But I am genuinely sorry that he has lost his faith. In all earnestness I would assure him that if he really thinks that this misfortune has proceeded from intellectual reasons, he is utterly mistaken. His loss of faith is fundamentally due to the bad attitude of his will, to the fact that he wished to find pretexts for disbelieving, and for throwing off the yoke of authority. And the first steps toward regaining his faith, and returning to intellectual sanity, must consist of a sincere attempt to be honest with himself, and an humble realization of the fact that his intellectual and spiritual perversion has its roots in an obstinate and disingenuous will. JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

Catholic Journalism in Canada

MY aim, in this short article, is to deal with Catholic journalism in Canada, and only from the practical or commercial point of view. It must be remembered that in Canada we have, at least as far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, what might be called bilingual journalism. The vast majority, in fact practically all, French Canadians are Catholic; the same may be said of their newspapers. Here and there cases may be found wherein principles subversive of religion are advanced, but they are exceptions to the general rule. The French press of Canada occupies a sphere of its own and the reflections that I am prompted to make here do not apply to that element in our journalism.

The influence of the English Catholic press in Canada has been and still is considerable; but there is an immense field that remains uncultivated. We have no daily press; we have no one powerful and general organ. At one time we had a Catholic daily which, I believe, was the

only one in the English language on the Continent. That was the *Montreal Post*. In its days the *Post* played a very useful part in Canadian journalism. It kept up a pretty steady fire in the guerilla warfare inaugurated by the *Montreal Daily Witness*. The latter newspaper was professedly anti-Catholic and poured hot shot into the Church of Rome on all occasions, in season and out; the Catholic daily met the enemy with the same kind of ammunition. Both papers are now dead. The Catholic *Post* ceased publication many years ago and is now almost forgotten, while the Protestant *Witness*, though quite tame in its old age, succumbed a few short months ago. These facts tell us something worth knowing, namely, that the very bitter spirit prevailing in past years has disappeared to a certain extent; at least it does not show in the columns of the press. The daily press of Canada today is not anti-Catholic. There is a considerable sprinkling of well-trained Catholic newspaper men scattered over the field of our journalism, and their influence has some effect upon the general tone of the Canadian press, so we have very little to complain of as far as the leading daily papers are concerned. Take, for example, the death of Pius X; all references made to the departed Pontiff and to the Church he ruled were sympathetic and pleasing to Catholic readers. In view of this fact, and knowing that all our people, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, look to the well-equipped and ably edited daily organs for all local, foreign, and general news of the hour, we do not see the likelihood of any attempt, at least in the near future, to revive the Catholic daily. Moreover, an experience of thirty years in Catholic journalism has taught me that our people are not in a position to defray the enormous cost of establishing and maintaining a daily paper. It was a failure in the days of greater necessity; it will be a failure again under the circumstances to which I have briefly referred.

This leaves us with the Catholic weekly as an exponent of our principles and a shield against the occasional attacks made upon our Church. There are only two really anti-Catholic weekly organs in Canada today: one is a French Baptist publication, read by a few hundred people of the persuasion; the other is an Orange organ so extreme in its views that it is never quoted by the daily secular non-Catholic press, and has but slight influence even among the Orange element. The harm done to the Church by these organs is absolutely nil. No Catholic reads them, and non-Catholics who chance to peruse their inane attacks upon the Church, do so with a feeling of contempt for the narrowness and ignorance displayed. Contrasting with these we have about seven or eight regular Catholic weeklies in Canada, all well edited, all exercising an undoubted influence in their own localities; two or three of them circulating widely in the Dominion. I may name the *Catholic Record* of London, the *Register-Extension* of Toronto, the *Casket* of Antigonish, the *Northwest Review* of Winnipeg.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of journalism in Canada that the Catholic weeklies which have had the largest circulation and influence have been those built up and inspired by individual effort. The *True Witness* of Montreal, and the *Irish Canadian* of Toronto, may be cited as instances in the past. But when the enterprising proprietors died, the days of combines and companies arrived, and the influence and energy of the individual were split up and divided among men, well intentioned no doubt, but with conflicting plans and lack of journalistic experience. Names of papers were changed, combinations of weeklies were formed, company succeeded company, and manager succeeded manager, but the influence of these amalgamated journalistic ventures suffered in consequence. A present-day instance of the success of individual effort is the *Catholic Record*, which has a large circulation and exercises a wide influence. This also was the work of one man, the late Senator Coffey. A practical printer, a journalist from the ranks, an able business man, the much-lamented Thomas Coffey built up the *Record* as the coral insect builds up a reef, unseen by the general eye, with perseverance, often unrequited labor, but with a courage and determination that spelled eventual success.

I see no opportunity of reviving a Catholic daily in Canada. There is always the stolid indifference of our own people to be reckoned with in Canada as elsewhere. Nor do I think, under the conditions that now obtain in the world of Canadian journalism, that it could be made a success; Catholics must continue to secure all their general news from the columns of the daily secular press. This is well so far as it goes. But there are things of paramount importance to the Catholic family that are not to be found in the daily press. In an article on "Catholic Newspapers" in the *Canadian Messenger* for October, 1914, Father Devine, S.J., tells us:

Catholics should know what is going on in the Catholic world; they should keep in touch with the progress the Church is making in various countries, her activities at home and abroad, the persecutions she is undergoing, the conversions to the Faith that are multiplying, and so on. . . . This general information will make them more enthusiastic Catholics, but it is information that they will not get in the secular press.

Exactly! Therefore it is of vital moment that we should have a press that will give us this information. We need something of a wider scope than local Catholic organs, no matter how able the pens that write them, no matter how solid the stand they take.

What Canadian Catholic journalism would welcome, it seems to me, is one large, general, official Catholic organ, one that would circulate in our tens of thousands of Canadian Catholic homes. Since we are living in an age of combines why not adapt ourselves to our age even in the newspaper field? *La Croix*, in France, meets this condition of things: it could be met also in this country. What we want in Canada is a Catholic organ in a center of commercial importance and geo-

graphical convenience like Montreal, with an edition for Ontario, another for the Great West, another for the Eastern or Maritime section of the Dominion. Each edition would have a page or two devoted exclusively to the interests of the region in which it would circulate, while the other pages would be given over to the activities of the Universal Church. This scheme would require a well-organized correspondence bureau in each district, but it would eliminate expensive local printing plants. Presses and type cost money; why multiply them needlessly in this age of rapid transit and parcel post? This scheme would release a large amount of capital that could be used to secure the cooperation of competent writers and to improve continually the central organ. There is certainly a waste of energy somewhere when the half-dozen Catholic newspapers I subscribe to give me the same general news every week. Why ask people to read these things more than once? A great Catholic organ, daily or weekly, conducted on the plan here outlined would meet all local requirements, while the publication itself, with a strong staff of editors and associate writers, would be an authoritative exponent of things Catholic and would be a striking example of the doctrinal and disciplinary unity of the Church. To secure such an organ, however, would require the combined efforts of the episcopate of the Dominion, with the cooperation of the clergy and laity in all parts of the country. Who will take the initiative?

J. K. FORAN.

Why Complain?

AN article in *AMERICA* on Episcopalian sayings and doings generally draws a number of complaints. No matter what provocation we may have received, we are sure to be rebuked for our "tone." But when Episcopalians are presumptuous that tone may be expected, and Episcopalians of a certain school are often absurdly presumptuous. "There you are again. Why will you use such irritating terms?" The answer is easy: because they are exact. What can be more absurdly presumptuous than to say, that in its regulations for war chaplains the Holy See borrowed from Anglican principles? Yet this was asserted not so long ago. Again, Catholic doctrine regarding marriage is clear enough. Marriage, as a natural contract demands certain conditions for its validity. As a Divine institution, it is subject to the revealed law. As a Sacrament, it falls under the authority of the Church. On these three foundations is built the marriage law of the Catholic Church, a law as clear, as logical, as scientific, as authoritative as the work of any legislature; as perfectly understood, as wisely administered, as impartially applied by canonists and tribunals, as any civil law by lawyer and by judge. What, then, can be more presumptuous than, without due knowledge of either the law or the facts, to criticize the Catholic Church for declaring a supposed marriage null and void,

and to insinuate that its judgments, to say the least, go by favor? What more absurd than for members of a denomination, knowing hardly more of discipline than its name, to wonder why parties, whose marriage has been found invalid, are not put through a period of penance before being allowed to enter into a valid union? Nevertheless, such criticisms, such insinuations, such expressions of wonder are not infrequent in Episcopalian periodicals.

It is sometimes assumed by the complainants that our writers are ill-informed. "We understand our own Church much better than any Romanist can." They forget that in the Catholic Church are many who were once Episcopalians; that of these not a few were far from being reckoned ill-informed in former days, and that of such are our writers on matters regarding the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some of these are of clerical families. They lived in the society of clergymen of the Church of England, generally university men of the old school, among whom the long-buried ideas unearthed by the Oxford Movement were the subject of perennial discussion. They are often men advanced in years, who have seen with their own eyes the three-decker pulpit, reading desk and clerk's seat, obscuring the little communion table. They have heard with their own ears Jackson's and Whitfield's sermons and the old uncompromisingly Protestant hymns. They knew by experience the time when the members of the Church of England were, as a matter of course, all Protestants, who would have been greatly surprised to hear that they were not. They have witnessed the remodelling of chancels, the abolition of the three-decker and of the preaching gown and of the bands. They have seen removed from the communion table the cushions, on which the clergymen used to rest their elbows as they knelt at the ends of it. They have seen the voluminous black scarf narrowed into a stole, then shortened and embroidered with crosses, and at last exchanged for colored stoles. They have seen the bringing in of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," of the turning to the east at the Gloria Patri and the Creed, and, perhaps, have heard a clergyman protesting loudly from the reading desk against the Popish doctrine and practice of his brother in the pulpit. They have beheld the gradual transformation of the communion table, the plain little cross appearing on it for the first time, the modest flowers, the two unassuming candlesticks, with their candles at first lighted for the purpose of illumination only, but soon to be used liturgically; the strange positions that used to be taken by the clergyman who would no longer stand at the end of the table, yet tried to carry out the rubric, of which in Elizabethan and Jacobean days the meaning was so obvious, until at last he took frankly the eastward position before the table that has now become the altar. They have felt the shiver of delight come over them when first they heard it whispered that the common persuasion of 300 years was a monstrous delusion; that they themselves had been de-

luded in thinking and calling themselves Protestants; that they were Catholics and so had been the Sumners and the Bloomfields and the Seckers and the Tillotsons, and the Abbots and the Bancrofts and the Whitgifts and the Grindals and the Parkers and the Riddleys, the Latimers, the Hoopers, the Coverdales, without ever knowing it. They have experienced the thrills that accompanied the first opening of books of devotion translated from the French, the first one of prayers borrowed from Catholics. They felt vaguely that they were illogical, that their theory was weak; but they perceived keenly that they were going forward in the direction of truth. And so they went on from day to day, until their conscience compelled them to face the question: upon what foundation does my religion rest? This was not to be found in the Church of England. The clergyman, whom they had once heard draw from the text, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me to have," the conclusion that in Our Lord's glorified body is no blood, thus to cut off Popish doctrines at the root, now preached to them of the Real Presence. But his latter teaching, at least, was not that of the Church of England. He might appeal faintly to the Caroline divines: nevertheless they could not stand for the whole body, and, whatever esoteric views they may have held, their public doctrine was in the final analysis, Protestant, not Catholic in any sense.

The new doctrines of the Real Presence, though falling far short of Catholic truth, were not to be found in the Church of England; and so the appeal lay with the Primitive Church or the Church of England before the Reformation. But, however this might be alleged, the final authority was Rome. The Church of England could get into touch with the Primitive Church only through Rome. It had received it from Rome. It had preserved the primitive traditions only as long as it had spiritual life through its union with Rome and its subjection to the Apostolic Chair. When union was broken and subjection changed to rebellion the tradition was lost, and those who would revive it had to seek it from Rome. The Catholicity of the Church of England depended on its reunion with Rome. Submission to Rome was the duty of its members collectively and individually.

Therefore many years ago they became Catholics. They did not lose sight of the Church of England, but watched its changeful career. Thus they have seen the exhaustion of the Oxford Movement, the rise of Rationalism, the influx of opinions regarding Our Divine Lord, the origins of Christianity, the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures, that would have filled the elder generation with horror and dismay. In a word, they have known the Episcopal Church in England, in the Colonies and in the United States experimentally for half a century and more; while as to its theories of history, these were once their daily bread.

HENRY WOODS, S.J.

A Modern Mystic

IF I were asked to define briefly the difference between the true mystic and the false, and by true I mean the Catholic mystic, I think the answer could be best put by saying that it is a difference of the center of spiritual gravity, so to speak. Whatever doubts the true mystic may have about the reality of his own existence, he has none whatever about the existence of God; whatever fears he may ever entertain about his own will, he has none at all about the holy will of God. So his life starts from God as from its center; it is Theocentric. On the other hand, the false mystic, and his name is legion, from the clairvoyant or fortune-teller to the follower of the latest esoteric cult, starts from himself, or some sort of realization of himself, to his relation with some ultimate cause, or some ultimate nothingness, and his whole spiritual world gravitates around himself.

It is somewhat tedious but necessary to have to make the distinction, but the true mystic has fallen upon days wherein he is misunderstood and often derided, largely through the dreamy inconsistencies and sometimes chicanery of those who have usurped the title of mystic.

It will be noticed by any who passes in review the lives of all the great mystics who have lived in the Church that they have not only attained to an heroic degree of sanctity, but they were eminent for sound common sense and practical ability, neither sex falling behind the other in this respect. It is important to remember this, as common sense and practicalness are the very qualities which the average man of the world denies to Catholic saints and mystics.

These mystics of the Catholic Church have been found in every walk of life: in royal palaces and in miserable hovels. For the conditions of life do not affect the clearness of the vision. There were, for example, those two remarkable Benedictines, St. Gertrude the Great and St. Hildegard; both given to mystical contemplation, and both women exercising great governmental powers. In the same way, from an obscure origin Blessed Joan of Arc was led by the mystic's vision to the front rank of the battle array. Mysticism led her out to lead men, but to Juliana of Norwich, a contemplative enclosed in an anchoress's cell, flocked the men of the world to know the vision which she saw within the barred grating and the stone walls of a hermitage. Mysticism did not prevent St. Catherine of Siena from being an ambassador of peace between two warring factions, while a brief acquaintance with the life of that great contemplative, St. Teresa, will show that with the gentle spirit of the mystic she combined a shrewd business capacity that might be the envy of a modern business man.

Another striking fact about the Catholic mystics who are known to us, and there is an infinite number whose lives are completely hidden until the day of judgment, is that they seem to have flourished in the most uncongenial times, or, to be more exact, just when Catholic mysticism might be least expected, it has blossomed forth in the world as a flower blooming on a rubbish heap. This is the case with Sister Gertrude Mary, whose diary has recently been published. (Benziger.) The Sister, who was a religious of the Community of Saint Charles, at Angers, was born in 1870 in France; that France in which the lights of heaven are declared blasphemously to have been put out, that France also which, let us not forget, is the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Most of Sister Gertrude Mary's life, she died in 1908, at the age of thirty-eight, was spent in teaching little children. But the great interest she has for us is not only the example of her saintly life, but also the record of the steps by which one of our own generation was led along the way

of mystical contemplation. We may see, as it were, how from her earliest years she gravitated naturally into the mystical life, not as a "variety of religious experience," but as something very vital and very real. As a bird flies direct to its nest, so did her young soul set out along this mysterious way, and she knew not why, only that it was so; this is the secret of the true mystic.

The sense of this personal nearness and reality of God came very early, after her First Communion.

Jesus was more to me than a friend or brother: He was a father. If I had any desire, I used to express it to Him, and He at once granted it. . . . Every morning when we took this direction, leading away from Angers, I would say: "Lord, this is not the way to Saint Charles!" Jesus must have smiled, but I had such a great desire to give myself to Him. . . . And to make Jesus more promptly realize my desire, I treated Him as a little child treats her mother until she obtains what she wants—I tormented Jesus.

On February 24, 1887, the young Anne Marie Bernier entered the novitiate of the Community, receiving the name of Sister Gertrude Mary. Her novitiate was passed uneventfully, and at its expiration she was sent to teach in St. Joseph's Free School, at Angers. Outwardly her life was singularly uneventful, but in her interior life, at this time, she exhibited in a marked degree one of the chief characteristics of the mystic, that of giving herself entirely and unreservedly to her Beloved. The language in which the Sister describes her interior life is, at times, somewhat obscure and figurative; for the mysteries of Heaven may not be uttered in words.

In 1907, the year before Sister Gertrude Mary died at Angers, she saw those visions, which in the light of after events seem to have held wider meanings than even she conceived; these visions have been taken to prefigure the conversions of the religious at Caldey and Saint Bride's.

On January 2, 1907, the Sister writes in her journal:

The demon is enraged because God chooses for Himself a multitude of souls in whom He is about to work marvelous things. . . . I rejoice at the reign of God in these souls, and I pray for them.

For some time since, I see a community of religious women all clothed in white. Our Lord finds His delight among these consecrated souls. They have always their souls, if not their arms, raised to Heaven. Their thoughts are constantly fixed on God. Their prayers, which ever rise toward the Eternal God, are very fervent, and appease His wrath. They appear to me to be about forty in number.

About the time when Sister Gertrude Mary saw this vision the nuns of Saint Bride's, then at Malling Abbey, became affiliated with Caldey and changed the black habit for the white. The phrase "They have always their souls, if not their arms, raised to Heaven" is significant, for the nuns were not then Catholics. The extract from the Sister's journal for January 11, 1907, is no less significant:

At my repeated prayers, Jesus turned His face each time to this poor France of ours, but His face became ever more sad.

At the same time, I saw a little island, surrounded by water on every side. The soil was uncultivated. In the midst of the island there grew a beautiful rose on a long stem without leaves. I was much astonished. A rose at this season? A rose on a leafless stem, in this rough, uncultivated soil? I could not understand what it meant.

This morning during Mass, when I was not thinking about it at all, Our Lord said to me, that this uncultivated soil meant that religion was not yet properly established in this place . . . from which saints would arise to console the Heart of God. Already I knew interiorly that this world of chosen souls was not in France. Our Lord then commanded me to take His precious Blood which I had seen flow abundantly from Him, and to water therewith this barren soil, which would then become fruitful.

How far, one may naturally ask, does the vision coincide with the facts? On October 18, 1906, the monks went to

Caldey, and in the following January the Sister had the vision. At that time the monks were living in the pre-Reformation Priory of Caldey, and this is actually situated in the center of the island; the present abbey is somewhat to the north-east. As in the vision of the nuns, so in that of the island, there was the sense of something lacking, the rose on the leafless stem and the uncultivated soil.

On January 16, 1907, she saw an abundant shower of rain fall on this island, and she was told that this was a store of graces which, rejected and despised by others, was now poured out on this chosen land, and under the rain she saw the soil become moist and soft, as souls emerging from their state of ignorance were prepared to bud and bring forth fruit. It was not until June, 1913, after the Caldey religious had been received into the Church, and the Sister had been dead five years, that the coincidence was made known.

On July 3, 1903 Sister Gertrude Mary and her fellow religious at Saint Laud were driven out by the French Government. She returned to Saint Charles, and on December 31, 1904, she received the Divine intimation: "To you it belongs to make reparation for all the sins committed during the year 1904." In terror she cried out: "My God, to whom dost Thou speak?" and the answer came: "I appoint you My victim of reparation, the victim of My choice." Thenceforth the Sister offered herself a willing victim. But the time of her immolation was not prolonged. On May 22, 1905, she returned to the Mother House broken down with sickness, and on May 24, 1908, the veil of the flesh was drawn aside and she went into the presence of Him with whom she had talked face to face on earth.

Like that of all true mystics, the life of Sister Gertrude Mary was a marvel of utter simplicity, which is reflected with the greatest fidelity in her journal. From her childhood she had kept one clear course before her eyes: God, and Him only. So with Him she walked and talked, until there came to her the call: "Friend, come up higher!" In the inscrutable counsels of God it may be that, like another St. Genevieve, she looks out from the celestial battlements, watching and praying that the Eldest Daughter of the Church may once again have her crown of glory restored to her.

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.

An Anglican's Position

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The very courteous letters of Mr. Costlandt Van Winkle and "E. J. F." anent my own of July 17 call for some recognition on my part, and for my delay in according them that recognition I can only plead my absence for some weeks from the city. I shall try to take up the various points brought out by the writers, and in doing so to be as brief as possible.

(1.) I accept Mr. Van Winkle's analogy between Roman Catholic criticism of Anglicans and Anglican criticism of Protestant sects, but the sting of it hardly touches me since it is quite contrary to my practice ever to indulge in satirical criticism of the peculiarities of any body of earnest Christians. Our quarrel is with Protestantism as such in all its forms, not with the individual peculiarities of any specific sect.

(2.) Certainly E. J. F. is right in his assertion that "sincerity is no criterion of truth": I only asked that Roman Catholics refrain from impeaching our sincerity, and so confusing the issue, when they attack our beliefs and practices. Certainly all Catholics must oppose and attack heresy wherever found, Roman Catholics the heresies of individual Anglicans or schools of Anglicans as well as Anglo-Catholics those of other individuals

and organizations; but can it in any way compromise the position of Roman Catholics for them to speak commendably rather than with ridicule of whatever elements of Catholicism may be found among Anglicans? We Anglicans are glad enough to commend any signs of defense or adoption, however hesitatingly, of Catholic principles or practices among Protestants.

(3.) It is scarcely accurate to say that "the vast majority of Anglicans oppose" Catholic doctrines. True, a very large number do, but a constantly growing number recognize and defend them with all their hearts. Nor is the question of numbers an important one. Witness the strength of Arianism in the early Church. But if, as we hold, the Anglican Church has never officially, by any word or act, cut itself off from the Catholic Church, which is the Body of Christ, the "true doctrine" of the Anglican Church is that of the Catholic Church, whatever individual heretics may say, and however numerous they may be.

(4.) But the crucial point has not yet been touched, namely, the question of the duty of loyal allegiance on the part of Anglicans to the Church of their birth or adoption, and the price and sin of disloyalty and secession. According to E. J. F., I "stand before the world self-condemned" for remaining loyal to what my firm and prayerful conviction tells me to be the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, and am urged by him to desert my ship and seek rest for my soul in the "peaceful bark of Peter"! Not so do I understand the voice of conscience. To follow the call of E. J. F. would be to repudiate, not merely the sentimental associations connected with the Church to which I have sworn my allegiance, but what my convictions teach me to be the sacred gifts of God, the sacraments of Christ which have been administered to me through His priests. That is the dreadful price of secession which grieves the hearts of those whom the seceders leave behind. The supremely necessary virtue for the Anglo-Catholic is patience. Loyalty to a friend does not involve the closing of one's eyes to his defects, nor repudiation of him because of his defects, but recognition of them and an earnest desire and effort to purge him of them; and the more one knows and loves his friend for what is good in him, the more patient he is in dealing with such defects as he may find in him.

Cleveland.

JARED S. MOORE.

Dangers in the Navy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

According to your issue of August 7, it seems that my article on the Navy in a recent number is not in accordance with the views of "N. D." and some of his friends. Now, when I wrote the article in question, nothing was further from my mind than the possibility of controversy, as the facts set forth were the result of about seven years' experience as an enlisted man in the Navy, and had the approval of a well-known Catholic chaplain. I might have remembered, however, that there are many people to whom the message of an angel could scarcely make known the fact that the sailor is a normal human being, with heart, and soul, and feelings similar to those of others whom God created unto His own likeness. I made no claim of impeccability for the blue-jacket, nor did I submit the name of a single candidate for canonization. I tried to point out that, recruited as he is from the youth of every county and every State in the Union, the sailor must resemble other American boys too much to be an absolute freak, although he is thus classified by some people. If I failed to state that there are some men in the Navy who habitually drink and swear, let me say that I also neglected to mention that twice two make four, but up to date no one has accused me of falsifying the multiplication table. With regard to the continual decrease of these and other evils in the service, the punishment records published by the Navy Department will furnish ample proof to any person interested enough to examine them.

I must compliment your correspondent, on the facility with which he dresses threadbare platitudes in new garments. He waxes beautifully indefinite on all points except when he mentions a liberty party of 7,000 men. The park on which the parochial house fronts, for all the reader knows to the contrary, may be as big as Boston Common, or merely the diamond-shaped plot of some triple street crossing. Let us hope that it contained less than 3,500 benches, otherwise with his genius for conserving space, N. D. will have had the entire liberty party in a bestial state of intoxication. The solitary case cited, wherein your correspondent came into actual contact with an enlisted man, does not call for any congratulations. As a man, could he cheerfully accept as final the word of one who, speaking to an entire stranger, unhesitatingly casts a slur on 50,000 of his fellow-workers? As an American, could he hold in reverence one who was in ignorance as to the proper method of replying to a slur on anything cherished or held sacred, under which heading ought to come the rosary and prayer-book given by his sweetheart? As a Catholic, for I assume he is one, N. D. surely must be aware that a good Catholic is not a creature of environment, and that our proudest and noblest traditions deal with the fortitude and devotion of Catholic men and women under oppression, and their dying martyrs, as they breathed the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother! Did he passively accept the statements of his chance acquaintance, and consider his duty done, or had he no words of reproach for such moral cowardice? How far would such a spirit have carried his informant had he lived in the days of priest-hunting Elizabeth, or could he, under its influence, have followed the soggarth into the fastnesses of Ireland's hills to kneel at the celebration of midnight Mass? Surely a good Catholic is ever the same, in storm as well as in calm, and to say that a man cannot be one in the Navy is an insult to our Holy Mother Church!

I very much regret that N. D. and his friends have such a horrible opinion of us. Intolerance makes a suitable garment for a Guardian of Liberty, but is scarcely becoming to a Catholic gentleman. If a man, or a body of men, cannot find toleration and forbearance among the readers of AMERICA, where then are we to look for it?

Hampton Roads, Va.

ROBERT CONROY.

Practical Catholic Journalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

AMERICA is to be complimented on the publication, in the Communications column, of the rather strong and, as far as it goes, just criticism of the character of the average American Catholic newspaper.

It is to be regretted that "N. Y. E." did not sign his name to this article. We would certainly like to know who he is. Very few indeed are the Catholic newspapers that would have had the courage to print this matter. How many will reprint it? We hope that the editor of "Note and Comment" will notice in his department those that do.

Your contributor says that American Catholic newspapers are, with few exceptions, "ill-edited, illiterate, and un-American," without either policy or news. He does not point out, however, the kind of policy that would be truly representative of the Church Militant, of Catholicism at its best. The so-called ignorance, of various kinds and degree, that seems to pervade Catholic editorial sanctums, the poor typography, and lack of news-sense might all be gladly forgiven if the Catholic press had a real message for the common people, if its columns were devoted in a spirit of true Christian charity to the everyday needs of fallen humanity. One of the proofs of Divinity in the Catholic press is whether or not "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." The Catholic press does not reach the greater mass of the common people, not even those Catholics who still go to church.

Until our Catholic newspapers adopt and fearlessly maintain a consistent and aggressive editorial and news policy that has for its aim to make a practical application to concrete conditions of the principles of social and industrial justice, so eloquently and so logically set forth by Pope Leo XIII in his social Encyclicals, they will never wield any real influence or affect the course of events in a democratic age and country. The Catholic newspaper has no message for the isolated and oppressed poor. American factory workers receiving an average of \$518.00 a year in American industries (see Census 1910) must of human necessity, most of them, have their noses so close to the grindstone as not to lift their eyes to higher things.

AMERICA has given considerable space and attention to the labor question through the contributions of Fathers Husslein and Blakely, Mr. Metlake, and others. Yet even these articles have been more theoretical than practical, with occasional notable exceptions, such as the article of a few weeks ago on wage conditions among the shirtwaist factory workers of New York City. Perhaps even AMERICA, with all its initiative and fearlessness, has gone as far as it properly can in the present condition of Catholic public opinion. If AMERICA told Catholic employers that they were in conscience bound to recognize and encourage legitimate trade unionism, and that they should pay a living wage to their employees, this utterance would indeed be "epoch-making."

Some time ago a good Catholic, who is a large employer of labor, told the writer, in a discussion of Pope Leo XIII as "Pope of the Workingman": "Excuse me, but Pope Leo had no business to write as he did on the Labor Question." This man has held, and still holds one of the highest positions as a Catholic leader in Louisiana, yet he is as much a rampant individualist as every consistent Freemason must be. No Church or State interference in industry for him.

I have attempted only to suggest the policy of a real Catholic newspaper. The means whereby this policy may be practically realized will present themselves to the Catholic editor who really wants to "deliver the goods." "Where there is a will, there is a way."

New Orleans.

V. N. DASPIT.

A Catholic Booking Office

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I noticed a communication in one of your recent issues which mentioned the necessity of a Catholic booking office for Catholic lecturers. This would seem to be a need of the times. Many lecturers would no doubt find their services in greater demand through the medium of such an agency, which would be in a position to acquaint Catholics generally with the ability and worth of those on their list. This should apply also to other lines of platform endeavor.

It is the experience of small societies and reading circles of limited membership that attractions for a small lecture course are hard to secure. Such organizations are not able to pay big prices, and therefore the stars in the field are not for them. Yet in order to make a success of the course they must have numbers with a drawing power. In the event of the inauguration of such a booking office as that suggested by your Chicago correspondent, many of the difficulties in the path of small lecture courses would be obviated, and, by reason of access to a larger list, they could present their subscribers with a more diversified program of numbers. For the lecturers themselves and other folk, it would open out a wider field and give them opportunities among their own people so far denied to many who are worthy of an audience. From the financial point of view there seems to be no reason why such an office should not be sufficiently remunerative to the projectors.

Columbus, O.

H. M.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Will They Remain Catholics?

ONCE again Catholics are crowding into Harvard and Princeton and Yale; and daughters of the Church who ought to be saints, are unblushingly entering the wide-spread doors of Wellesley and Vassar and Smith. Preparatory and finishing schools of every description, with little in common except that they are fashionable and non-Catholic, are beckoning the unwary into their dangerous halls; and tender children, who now are as pure as angels, are marching with unsuspecting confidence into the class-rooms of schools where religion is ignored. Our boys are turning their backs on the colleges which gave to their fathers all the training and power they possess; and our girls are glancing with disdain at the academies in which their mothers acquired the gentleness, piety, culture and love of God and man, that made them models for their children and a consolation to their Church. And the next generation of Catholics? The poor we shall always have with us, their faith will continue to burn bright, and to guide them to the tabernacle and the altar rail. But what of the rich? What of the children who are now learning skepticism, if not worse, from the lectures of men and women who know not Christ, and who laugh, if not openly, at least in their hearts, at the tenets and practices of Catholicism? Who, think you, will claim them for his own, when they have come into their manhood or their womanhood, the Prince of Peace or the Prince of this world. One shrinks from the answer. Bitter indeed will be the death-bed of parents who have yielded, in spite of their own better judgment and their pastors' protests, to the foolish wishes of their dazzled children, to the extent of permitting them to set their innocent feet in the way of destruction and death. What a stewardship will be theirs to account for and what a reckoning! Christ's little ones were scandalized.

God, Freedom, the Constitution

THE new Constitution of the State of New York, soon to be presented for ratification at the polls, opens with these words: "We, the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, in order to secure its blessings do establish this Constitution." It is with pleasure and pride that we read the Holy Name of God in the first sentence of the new charter of the Empire State. In thus putting it in the place of honor the delegates at Albany have made a simple yet solemn act of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and a profession of faith. It is a consoling spectacle at a time when nations are forgetting God. Every citizen of this magnificent commonwealth, every American should be proud of it. Before determining the various principles which are to guide the people and its magistrates in the political, social and economic questions facing them, the framers of the Constitution did not forget God. They recalled no doubt the words of the Psalmist: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." And in thanking God for that which is the American's birth-right, the sacred gift of civil and political freedom, they have, implicitly at least, told us to use that freedom for pure and noble ends. To obtain that freedom our fathers made untold and heroic sacrifices. Property, home, life and life's sweetest joys, they counted as dross when it seemed in danger. Americans of today must do no less. Grateful to God for that priceless boon and heritage, we must not jeopardize it by indifference to its sacred obligations, or by any unpatriotic abuse of its sacred trust. Ordered freedom is ours. That freedom can stand firm and secure only under the safeguard and the majesty of the law. To endanger it by the passions of unrestrained party spirit, to sell it to the highest bidder for pecuniary or other material advantage, to check the progress of its legal enactments by corruption, by intimidation or fraud is a national crime. To show that we are really grateful for our freedom, we should use that freedom for the good of our State and the country in upholding the right, in smiting the wrong. We should use our constitutional rights with the dignity of freemen, for our reasonable political, social and material welfare, and with the same manly dignity we should vindicate those rights, should they be assailed. And while making a wise and prudent use of that God-given privilege for our own and the nation's good, we must not forget, that however fair it is, it is but a faint shadow of that nobler freedom, "the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

Rescue the Kittens and Cats!

THOUGH Europe is now waging the vastest, most destructive and most costly war that the world has

seen, a certain tender-hearted Englishwoman does not seem to find the times wholly unsuitable for an "urgent appeal" in behalf of a cats' home. Though she admits that, "It is dreadful to have to ask for animals when our poor and the nation and our dear soldiers require so much," she maintains, nevertheless, that "the rescue work must go on." "Why must it?" naturally asks the editor of the *Month*, a query that all normal persons will heartily echo. "Business, as usual," is without question a disastrous slogan if it leads a people to keep supplied with transportation facilities, fish, cream and expensive chloroform a comfortable "home" for vagrant grimalkins while soldiers in the trenches are dying by thousands, and war-riven Poland is starving.

But could the perverted "humanitarianism" of the past thirty years be expected to result in anything else? To safeguard the so-called "rights of animals" societies have been founded and periodicals have been started by innocent but opulent sophists who had little to say, however, about "the duties" of the brute creation, for they vaguely realized perhaps that only rational beings had duties, though horses, dogs and cats, of course, had "rights." How generously the British public responded to that cat-lover's stirring appeal we have not yet learned. Perhaps the fear that the race's spirit would be more imperiled by a heartless attitude toward homeless and indigent Tabbies and Tommies than by a stoical indifference to the sufferings and privations of mere human beings, brought such an abundance of munificent gifts to the cat hospital, that its directors and patients can now face without anxiety the coming winter, whether the war ends or not. We prefer to believe, however, that an immediate result of the silly "appeal" was the painless execution of all the "rescued" cats on hand, and the prompt transformation of their sumptuous quarters into a home for little boys and girls whom the war has left fatherless, and that the revenues of the cat hospital are being devoted to the relief of human suffering.

Well Worth Watching

SEVERAL weeks ago in the city of Boston, governors of various States met and discussed matters of importance both to the Federal Government and to their own States. It was not a new thing for them to do so: their meeting has been an annual occurrence ever since they were first invited to meet some years ago by the then President of the United States. This year it was attended with less enthusiasm than has been the case on certain former occasions, but a number of the governors traveled long distances and devoted valuable time to the consideration of the interests of their people. They had a perfect right to do this; and are to be praised for their zeal.

Certainly a governor would seem to be eminently qualified to advise another governor as to the solution of State problems, and the common counsels of many gov-

ernors should contribute much toward the better government of their several States. The united voice, undoubtedly, of so distinguished a body of citizens should carry with it a great deal of weight. It should be remembered, however, that they meet as individuals and not in their high official capacity. For there is nothing in the Constitution which provides for such a gathering, and already there is ample provision made for the representation of the States in the discussion of affairs where State and national interests merge into one. Nor is there any reason whatever to think that the governors are contemplating the introduction of a new element into our scheme of government.

Their meeting, however, like everything good, has its possibilities for evil. Were the governors to meet in session, in their official capacity, and pledge themselves to return to their own capitals and to use their influence to enforce the passage of bills which they had already determined on in another capital and at the suggestion of governors of other States, such action might well be looked on with misgiving. It suggests a danger for Catholics, in particular, which, however, undreamed of at present, might possibly become a reality during one of the periodic anti-Catholic waves which sweep over the country.

While contemplating the radical and disastrous changes that are occasionally introduced into the countries of continental Europe, it has been our consolation to reflect that the nature of our government precluded the danger of such rapid and ill-advised upheavals. Education is a thing which falls within the province of the States. At present, therefore, we feel secure that our many sacrifices in the cause of education cannot easily be brought to naught. Restrictions on our parochial, high school and college work, if they come at all, can only come slowly, separately and without concerted action on the part of different States. The meeting of the governors, however, makes such concerted action, if not probable, at least within the range of possibility. In this lies a peril for us. No one questions the right of the governors to meet as citizens; all the same their recent dispositions to unite for the furtherance of a common object brings to light an element of danger, one indeed that will well bear watching.

What They Said: The Sanger Trial

ONCE upon a time, there was a magazine called the *Woman Rebel*, and an editor, Mrs. Margaret Sanger. In due course, this publication became so malodorous that even the broad-minded postal authorities, who smile indulgently at Tom Watson and his crew, suppressed the *Woman Rebel*, and indicted the editor on a Federal charge. Mrs. Sanger had also written her beautiful soul into a pamphlet entitled "Family Limitation"; a charming bit of literature, which, however, fell under the ban of Mr. Anthony Comstock. Invoking the

power of the secular arm, this crude person jailed the editor's husband, Mr. William Sanger, for furthering the interest of the public in his wife's pamphlet. Personal liberty was dealt a deadly blow, when on his appearance before the Court of General Sessions, a tyrant on the bench asked Mr. Sanger to choose between thirty days in jail, and a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars.

With these facts stated, it is now in order to chronicle the varied comment bearing on the trial of Mr. William Sanger. And first of all, the comment of His Honor, Justice McInerny.

You state that you have done nothing wrong. Your crime is not only a violation of the laws of man, but of the law of God as well, in your scheme to prevent motherhood. Too many persons have the idea that it is wrong to have children. Some women are so selfish that they do not want to be bothered with them. If some persons would go around and urge Christian women to bear children, instead of wasting their time on woman suffrage, this city, and society would be better off.

The argument of the friends of the downtrodden was of the following calm and judicial tenor:

The screams and yells of the frenzied followers of Alexander Berkman, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Carlo Tresca and L. D. Abbott, could be heard all over the Criminal Courts Building and in the street. Men and women rose in their seats and shrieked and cursed. Hats were thrown in the air and "defis" hurled at the bench. Leonard Abbott, lawyer, anarchist, and an officer of the court, stood in the midst of the tumult, smiling and urging it on. "It was a splendid demonstration," said Lawyer Abbott.

The opinion of Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, chairman of the Publicity Council of the Empire State Committee on Woman Suffrage, may next be quoted. "It makes me so angry, that I can hardly talk about it," said this lady, referring to Justice McInerny's remarks. But Mrs. Whitehouse overcame the difficulty bravely, and in twenty-seven lines of a newspaper interview, advanced the thoroughly truthful proposition that the words of the Justice "might just as well be said of hundreds of women who give their lives to social work." "Justice McInerny," added Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, allied with the same Committee, "is talking about something that she doesn't know anything about." Miss Bela Neuman Zilbermann, with a native instinct for the dramatic, added color and action by "flaunting a flag with 'Votes for Women' in the face of the judge," and afterwards "led in a talk that at times could be heard across the street." "We are not selfish," said the tragedienne, directing her remarks to Justice McInerny's charge. "We are entirely unselfish. We would be glad to advocate large families if social conditions were changed," but until this change is made, Miss Zilbermann "wishes to denounce the attack made on womankind by Judge McInerny," and will continue to advocate "family limitation."

Finally, while not pertinent, the opinion of the prisoner himself is interesting, since it bears a curious affinity to

a principle enunciated by Governor Dunne at the Boston conference last month:

I deny that I am a criminal. From my own inward feeling I know I did no wrong. Why then should I recognize the right of the State to brand me as a criminal?

Up to the present, the author of the pamphlet has added nothing to this wealth of comment. She is said to be in Holland, where, according to a loyal follower, she is teaching the women of that country "how to prevent motherhood." She will not be silent long, however, as on October first she is to appear before a Federal Court to answer the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails.

The moral of all this comment, abstracting of course from the remarks of Justice McInerny, is plain. Speech untrammelled and irresponsible, is the palladium of our liberties. To freedom of speech, let us add the freedom to think as we choose, regardless of the facts. Finally, let us not swerve in our fight for that highest of all liberties, the freedom to do whatever we wish, regardless of all law, and all courts, human or Divine.

Groundless Fear

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In my mind there is one duty to which AMERICA has been derelict: little or nothing has been said, in its pages about the danger to the Holy Father and the Papacy, arising from this dreadful war. Personally I am passionately "pro-Allies," but I must confess that the conduct of British, French and Italian papers towards the Holy Father often fills me with misgivings and I am disappointed that Catholic papers are not more insistent and vigorous in defense of him.

A. L. M.

OUR correspondent, a prominent lawyer of poise and dignity, does scant justice to Catholic papers. They have stressed repeatedly the conditions to which he draws attention: that they have not done more is due to prudence and faith. Editors of Catholic papers have no fear for the ultimate destiny of the Rock of Peter; by Christ's promise it is indestructible, shell and bullet will not shatter it, rather, the reverse will happen. Such is the lesson of faith and history. The Holy See has been in a worse quandary a score of times. For a while before the Pontificate of Gregory the Great the abomination of desolation was supreme. Roman civilization was drowned in the flood of Lombard barbarism; famine, pestilence, earthquake had turned East and West into a great valley of dry bones; Christians of the North were slaughtered or enslaved or hunted like beasts. The world, all save Peter's "Rock" which stood firm and unshaken, was so upset that the Faithful listened for the crack of doom. The storm passed, and the sun shone, but not for long; period of stress followed period of stress until in Gelasius' time the collapse of the Papacy seemed assured. Chalcedon was fruitless in the East, Nicea in the West, whilst heresy and paganism ran riot side by side in the North. The outlook was forlorn,

hopeless, as it was many a time thereafter, during the Mahomedan invasion of the eighth century, for instance, and again during the invasion of the Northmen in the ninth century. And has it been forgotten that for thirty-seven years the "Great Schism" kept the garment of Christianity rent in a thousand and one places? That was a troublous period for the Papacy, so was the boisterous time of the Reformation, with its broken vows and calumnies and ruined sanctuaries and apostate nations. The frantic era of the French Revolution was no better: rather worse. For its infamy is not to be measured by the blood of butchered priests and nuns, but by the revolutionary doctrines to which it gave so great an impetus. The Papacy outlived all this, as it outlived exalted Jansenism and Josephism and Febronianism and the latter triumphant progress of skepticism and rationalism, foes more powerful than war.

Times are not as bad now as then, and the Rock is God-made, not man-made, a creation of Heaven, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, much less the guns of men. Those anxious in soul would do well to bear in mind that the Pope and the Papacy are destined to show forth the life of Christ. And Christ was always failing, yet always winning. He died a failure, yet a victor. War waged round Him, and He hung dead, a failure, on a felon's cross, defeated, humiliated to the dust, only to come forth from the tomb victorious, exalted, worthy to be caught up to heaven in a cloud of glory. Safety through strife, victory through failure, such is Christ's life. The Pope and the Papacy can expect nothing different. Darkness will lower thick on the Rock; angry seas will beat high and hard against it, but soon light will break over it again and the sea will become calm, for God is in the darkness and Christ is walking on the storm-tossed waters. Fear not, ye of little faith, the Church is built upon this Rock; wars will come and go; the Rock will remain to the end.

LITERATURE

IX—"John Oliver Hobbes"

ONE presumes that the "Catholic's Bookshelf" is so far catholic in another sense that it finds room for books which are not classics or even likely to become classics. Otherwise, one should not venture to claim a place for the novels and plays of a certain brilliant daughter of America, Pearl Mary-Teresa Craigie, who wrote under the masculine pseudonym of "John Oliver Hobbes." Mrs. Craigie, *née* Richards, left the United States at the beginning of 1868, when she was about three months old, and was thenceforth domiciled in England, where she died in 1905, towards the end of her thirty-eighth year. Her literary life, dating it from her first published book in 1891, lasted some fifteen years, for her last novel was published in the year of her death.

As I have implied, "John Oliver Hobbes" shone in the literary firmament rather as a planet than as a fixed star. Her light was not wholly her own; she reflected something of the mentality and even of the style of her favorite authors, Disraeli, Meredith, George Eliot. Her own view of her

talent was different. "My work will hold its own in the long run," she wrote in 1904, "because it is original and my own." Alas! the run is a very long one, the competitors, besides being very numerous, get in one another's way, and only the best endowed in the quality of staying-power can hope to hold their own. We fear that "John Oliver Hobbes" will not prove to be among the genuine immortals who are "universals" as well, and conquer space as well as time. I find no record of any of her works having been translated, nor can she be said even to have the vogue of the six-penny edition. Among a wholly Catholic population she would have met with wider appreciation. As it is, the number of those who are attracted by the literary power of her works and not repelled by their Catholic atmosphere must always be limited.

All striking personalities are the result of the interaction of the forces of nature and nurture. Education, especially the education conferred by the vicissitudes of life, must have good material to work on if the result is to be good. Mrs. Craigie was bountifully endowed by nature with quick intelligence, logical faculty, humor and keen artistic perceptions. Her school-days did not do much to develop these gifts; she was to a large extent self-educated, reading indiscriminately in English literature and devoting much time to the theater, even in her teens. In one art, music, she even became proficient. In 1887 a precocious youth was crowned by an early marriage, which in the event proved most unhappy. Her husband was a Mr. R. W. Craigie, to whom she bore a son in 1890. In the next year she returned with her baby, to her father's roof and, in 1895, in order to secure the custody of her child, she obtained a divorce. That she was given entire control over her boy is decisive evidence, to all who know the spirit of English law, that the blame of that disastrous episode did not rest upon her. Disastrous indeed it was and went far to spoil her life. The effect of so grievous a disillusion just on the threshold of her career, is traceable in the view she expresses both in her books and in her letters. Only one thing, seemingly, saved her from becoming soured and cynical, and that was her conversion to the Catholic Faith. It may be that the wreck of her married happiness was the payment exacted for the purchase of the Pearl of Great Price: it is certain that having secured it she did not grudge the cost. It would appear that her acceptance of Catholicism was not due to any personal influences, but was the result of God's call to a soul disabused of earthly joy and prepared by honest and steady thinking to follow its summons. Unlike many other converts she continued her study of the Faith after she had joined the Church. Her actual reception took place in 1892, yet we find her still being instructed in 1896 and subsequent years. "I am going 'hammer and tongs' at theology," she wrote in 1897, "one of the Jesuit fathers is going to instruct me." It may well be that her own active intellect and the worldly agnostic atmosphere of the social and literary circles she frequented in London made her keenly sensitive to assaults upon the Faith: anyhow she took the best means of resisting them, being assiduous in devotional practices, careful to spend regular periods in retreat, bountiful and unostentatious in her charities. Before the suppression of the Modernist heresy, she would appear to have come slightly under its influence, but the career of its English protagonist opened her eyes to its unreason. *On ne badine pas avec l'Eglise.*

Under these two external influences—the crushing of her earthly hopes and the growth of her heavenly—the real education of "John Oliver Hobbes" began, and her literary powers are largely due to their union. She had a definite message to give, out of her own experience, a message which is as old as Christianity and, indeed, forms its central ethical truth, viz., that to find our souls we must lose them. Happi-

ness should not be pursued directly for its own sake. Rich and great as are the prizes of life—and she was keenly alive to all life has to offer, ambitious to excel, eager for praise—they cannot be attained, or retained, else they fail to satisfy. To those who have not her faith, her chief stories are shadowed with sadness, for their completion is not on earth.

Apart from various essays in journalism, Mrs. Craigie's first book was published in 1891 and styled "Some Emotions and a Moral": she always had a genius for arresting enigmatic titles. It had a marked success and was reprinted five times in three years. Thenceforward, every year until the end saw the publication of one or more novels, plays, or sketches. Her most elaborate books were "The School for Saints" (1897) with its sequel "Robert Orange" (1900) and her posthumous novel "The Dreams and the Business" (1906). All her work was extremely conscientious. She sought for truth, not only in the moral effects but even in the material details of what she wrote, and we can well understand the annoyance she felt and sometimes expressed at seeing the tremendous vogue of trash like the productions of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, whilst her own cleverly-conceived and highly-finished studies met with an audience comparatively few, however fit. The truth is only the educated could really appreciate her. Within certain limits she was a deeply-read and cultivated woman. In the early days of her married life, sad indications of an uncongenial home, she put herself to school again and acquired a fairly profound knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics. The allusions in her books show a wide acquaintance with history and on all points there is evidence of original thought. The same uncommon cleverness prevented her plays from being "popular" successes. "The Ambassador" (1898) alone had a favorable run. All her works except the first two, were produced after she became a Catholic, and although none of them has, like those of Mgr. Benson, a definite Catholic *motif*, yet Catholicism is always given its due place in them as the one true religion. She generally aims at showing the reactions of various minds—as various as are the experiences and nature of each—when meeting with the fact of the Faith.

Yet, thorough good Catholic as she herself was, and well instructed beyond the average, she is not always successful in expressing the Catholic *ethos*. Like many who join the Church with minds fairly mature and by independent paths, she apparently found it difficult to get a consistently inside view of the Faith and its implications. Her chief hero "Robert Orange" for instance, is a strange medley, and it is by no means inconsistent with the confused ethical drawing of his character that his creator, although she means to represent him as a man who had attained, through iron discipline, and stern self-sacrifice for the right, a wonderful self-mastery, makes him in the end commit murder with his eyes wide open. Mrs. Craigie does not seem to have realised that asceticism means essentially love of God and has no value except as an expression of that love. Her good people are more conscious of what they are giving up than of what they are gaining, and hence her ideal of Christianity is pessimistic. She "desired to be dissolved" very earnestly indeed, but rather so as to be free from the worries of life.

However, the service she did as a witness to Catholicism in a corrupt and unbelieving generation was very great. By sheer force of intellect and imagination, she caught and interested for half a generation the cultured society of her time, and put before it under various aspects the splendors of the Catholic Church. The heretical atmosphere she breathed never weakened the vigor of her faith and, with her capacity for friendship which was quite extraordinary, she must have done much by intercourse and writing to recommend her creed to a circle largely out of reach of religious influences.

Catholics should preserve her books. They illustrate how well an ardent devotion to the Faith can combine with high literary excellence. Moreover, brilliant as they are and dealing with various types of fallen nature, their author is always mindful of the ennobling functions of literature. She quotes with delight the judgment passed on her work by her Jesuit instructor: "He says it is absolutely free from sensuality—and that it is *unique* in that respect. That—from the beginning—has been my aim. I have never in my life been so pleased by a piece of criticism."

There are too few novelists today, even among her own sex, who can merit that encomium passed on Mrs. Craigie. It seems negative praise but means much in the circumstances. *Quæ potuit transgredi et non est transgressa.*

JOSEPH KEATING, S.J.,
Editor of the "Month."

REVIEWS

The Practice of Mental Prayer. Second Treatise: Extraordinary Prayer. By Father RENÉ DE MAUMIGNY. Translation (from the French) Revised by Father ELDER MULLAN, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25.

We are glad to see the translation of Father Maumigny's excellent little work on mental prayer brought to completion by the publication in English of the treatise on extraordinary prayer. A previous treatise had to do with what the author calls ordinary prayer, that is to say, any form of mental prayer, the Ignatian, for instance, which can be taught and which is based on reflection. Extraordinary prayer, which is the subject of the present volume, is a state of soul produced by the direct and entirely spontaneous action of the Holy Spirit. It is, therefore, a form of prayer which cannot be taught and has no intrinsic dependence on any exercise of the mental faculties. It is a pure gift of God and is the direct effect of an extraordinary grace. In proportion as it ascends from one higher plane to another its tendency is to suspend the ordinary action of the powers of the soul and, by means of a Divinely infused gift of intuition, to present to the soul a view of the Divine perfections immeasurably transcending any conception of them attainable by human reflection. The reader of saints' lives will at once recognize in this brief account of extraordinary prayer a suggestion of certain remarkable phenomena in which those lives abound. They will rightly conclude, moreover, that Father Maumigny's book is not a manual of practice, though the wording of the title might lead the unwary reader to suppose that it is. The book was primarily written for directors of consciences and for students of ascetical theology, and secondarily for those well-balanced minds, and they are numerous enough, which are not subject to illusions in the matter of prayer and which are likely to profit by a description of God's wonderful dealings with chosen souls. Among these classes of persons we hope the work will have the circulation to which its high merits entitle it. M. P. H.

Some Love Songs of Petrarch. Translated and Annotated and with a Biographical Introduction by W. D. FOULKE. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.15.

Despite its unpretentious size and appearance this little book is sure to commend itself to all serious-minded readers. To many not conversant with the Italian language Petrarch is little more than a bright name, or at best a historical character of considerable importance. Few have read his works and few probably appreciate exactly why he is ranked among the foremost men of influence in literature and in the history of the world. Yet it was within Petrarch's soul, as this scholarly and artistic translation of some of his collected

poems bears testimony, that the definite conflict began between the ideals of Christianity and those of a revived Paganism, a conflict which, as all who are acquainted with modern history will know, lies at the root of so much in the life and the literature of the present age.

Mr. Foulke has furnished us, within the compass of some 230 pages, with the means of arriving at a clear and accurate idea of what Petrarch was as a man, a poet and a scholar. From the viewpoint both of history and of literature, this work deserves to be welcomed as an important and timely contribution. The scholarship of the author impresses the reader from the very first pages of the book, and were it not for a few slurs here and there on the Middle Ages and on monkish superstition, and an unhappy quotation from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to the effect that Petrarch "gave a decisive impulse to that European movement which restored freedom, self-consciousness and the faculty of progress to the human intellect," his biographical sketch of Petrarch is a fine bit of true objective historical writing.

M. F. X. M.

The Making of Western Europe. Vol. II. By C. R. L. FLETCHER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

The historian is an angel rather than a man. Passionless, piercing in his intelligence, profound in his research, he sees at a glance the meaning of all documents, perceives all their relations, and reconstructs unerringly the world of other days. None knows so well as he the difference between a monkish chronicler and a gossiping ambassador obliged to put something into his letters to his master. The former is an object of withering scorn: the latter of an unquestioning reverence that the historian would be the first to denounce as superstitious were it given to the Word of God or to the definitions of Revelation. How the historian lives, on what he feeds, are mysteries to the vulgar. Who could imagine the late Lord Acton, for instance, sitting down to beefsteak and beer? He sits apart from all mankind, a being whose function is to judge men and manners, popes and kings, facts and theories, reason and revelation, the Church and the world, without appeal. The infallible *magisterium* of the Church within its own sphere is held to be an intellectual tyranny by those who so accept his sentence on all things under heaven as to vituperate no less vigorously one who would hint the possibility of error in it, than they praise another who denies a dogma of religion. This idea of the historian is common enough, and not the less so because the historian himself is not indifferent to its propagation.

Such an historian one might take Mr. Fletcher to be. He calls to his tribunal St. Gregory VII and Henry IV to receive sentence, the former of condemnation, the latter, of justification; and what he does for them he does for the less noteworthy personages of their time. He settles definitely simony, clerical marriages, and investitures, just as if never a word had been written on the subjects before, and his approbation of the last two is so warm that it seems to go over to the first. As for manners and customs, asceticism is the object of his fine contempt, as the following eloquent passage shows:

To the age of hermitry was now to succeed the age of flagellation; even a sensible emperor like Henry III flogged himself occasionally. The great St. Peter Damiani was a strong advocate of the practice, though he never succeeded in attaining the standard of his friend Dominic, whose sole garment, a coat of mail, was only removed for purposes of self-flagellation; Dominic could work off in a week the three thousand stripes which the soberer Damiani was wont to spread over a year.

But Dominic rounded out his three score years and ten, though his weekly stripes were more than three thousand.

The "soberer Damiani," too, was hardly content with less than ten a day. Mr. Fletcher does not approve of self-flagellation; but it would be a friendly office in another to administer to him a sufficiency of stripes to correct his wit that despises accuracy. From this specimen of it one will be ready to hear that our historian is great in sprightly sketches of character, and that these are dotted with "possibly," "probably," "perhaps," and such like words, to an extent surprising in a historian.

But Mr. Fletcher is not the passionless historian at all. On the contrary, he holds partisanship to be the duty of the historian and the criterion of history. The facts of a thousand years ago depend for their truth on the political passions of today. While he wrote his book he was under influences coming down from the Crimean war, the Congress of Berlin and the Afghan boundary disputes. He regarded the Russ as did Kipling in the heyday of his vogue. As he confesses in the amazing postscript to his preface, he wrote hard things about the Slavonic nations, and gave high praise to the efforts of the medieval emperor to destroy or Germanize the Slavs. But late events have given the old facts a new complexion. He acknowledges that he should have written in the contrary sense. Supposing this to be true, the serious historian would have suppressed his book, or withheld it until corrected. Not so Mr. Fletcher. He publishes it in the spirit of penance! Certainly Dominic with his self-flagellation was the better man. Mr. Fletcher having thus betrayed himself, we say, to use the words of Herodotus, who would surely blush for his degenerate son: "and so good-bye to Mr. Fletcher and 'The Making of Western Europe.'" H. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"The Mass: The Holy Sacrifice with the Priest at the Altar on Sundays, Holy Days and Days of Special Observance. From the Roman Missal" (The Home Press, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, \$0.25, \$0.50 and \$1.00), is the complete title of the new prayer-book that Father John J. Wynne, S.J. brought out on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood which occurred last month. Attractively printed and bound, the little volume has excellent translations of the Ordinary of the Mass and of the Proper for every Mass the Faithful are obliged to attend and also for nuptial, requiem, votive Masses, etc. As there is no better way of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice than by using the Missal and following as closely as possible the Church's beautiful liturgy, this prayer-book should be widely used. It is dedicated to Archbishop Ireland "who suggested its preparation," and will be followed by "The Complete Missal in English."

As some British and Continental papers perversely misinterpreted the Holy Father's recent appeal for peace, the September *Month* devotes its opening pages to an examination of the letter and actually succeeds in proving that the Pope is neutral still. In a good study of "The Psychological Novels of Mgr. Benson," "M. I." finds a "real woman" in "Aunt Anna"; Father Pollen has his fourth article on "The Appellant Controversy" in this number; "The Return of the *Képis*" is a well-told war story; there is a discerning article on Mr. Joseph Campbell's and Miss W. M. Lett's poetry; Father Thurston writes on "The Holy Eucharist and the 'Rituale Romanum'"; some newly-discovered verses of Father Hopkins are published, and a number of editorials bearing on the war make timely reading.

"Aunt Sarah and the War" (Putnam, \$0.75), a charming little book which was praised in our issue of July 3, bears on its title page the name of no author, but Mr. Wilfrid Meynell is now reported to have written the story. Though the reviewers have

not had much to say about the book, 30,000 copies of it have been sold in England.—"Somewhere in France" (Scribner, \$1.00), R. H. Davis's latest volume of short stories, bears a very misleading title. Those who expect to find in the volume an account of a war correspondent's adventures will find nothing bearing on the present conflict except a story about the scandalous doings of a woman spy. The other tales in the book deal for the most part with the underworld. All have unexpected endings, but unless Mr. Davis were the author, we should, in all probability have heard little of this book. His inverted sentences grow tiresome.

John Bailey's "Milton" (Holt, \$0.50) is a fine appreciation of the man and the poet. The author is not a blind hero-worshipper but a sane admirer. He does not minimize Milton's limitations but he vindicates greatness for the subject of his appreciation, and claims that to know Milton means to realize that the art of poetry is no triviality, but a noble thing, a thing of the choicest discipline of phrase and structure, and deep thought. "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" are given special chapters in this scholarly little volume, while Milton's earlier poems are treated under a separate heading.

"The Butterfly Guide" (Doubleday, \$1.00) is a pocket manual in which Dr. W. J. Holland has depicted 255 of the 600 and more species of the common forms of butterflies found in North America. The 295 figures in color contained in the manual are remarkably true to nature. Like the illustrations of the author's "Butterfly Book," they are made by a method of printing in three colors from half-tone plates, a process he was the first to use with gratifying success in illustrating a work on lepidoptera. The booklet contains two indexes, one of technical nomenclature, and the other a list of English and common terms.

The Practical Drawing Company of Chicago proposes to bring the reign of bad handwriting to an end. "The Practical Writing System," wherein the whole art of penmanship is taught in seven parts, aims at a scientific application of the principles of handwriting, beginning with the elements of letter formation. A comparison of examples "before and after treatment" is the best endorsement the system could have. From the same company comes "Practical Drawing," a graded course of drawing extended through eight parts. The principles of this course are thoroughly sound. The system itself is entirely practical, and arranged so that originality of effort and thought enter largely into the scheme of work proposed to the budding draughtsman or artist.

That the longer poems of William Blake are not more widely known is scarcely to be wondered at when one reflects upon the weird, practically unintelligible character of so much that he has written. In "Selections from the Symbolical Poems of William Blake," (Yale University Press, \$2.00) Dr. Frederick E. Pierce, evidently an enthusiastic student and admirer, has endeavored to bring order out of the chaotic symbolical poems. Although the selection is made with studied care, still the impression remains that the symbolical poems are the product of a mind diseased. True, there is much of poetry, but a perfect riot of imagination, repeated disregard of rhythm. In brief, to use Byron's words cited in the beginning by the compiler, "It is an awful chaos . . . mixed and contending without end or order."

One of the last things written by Lieutenant Rupert Brooke, a young English poet, who died in the Dardanelles, was the following sonnet:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt from friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Thereupon, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, our young American poet, was moved to send the *Bookman* the following lines:

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free.
But let no cloud of lamentation be
Where, on a warrior's grave, a lyre is hung.
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.
Today the starry roof of Heaven rings
With Psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword.

From some of Brooke's other poems, however, it does not appear that he had any great hope or desire of resting "beneath eternal wings," and the tenth line of his sonnet expresses the ambition of a pantheist.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Bloud & Gay, Paris:**
The German War and Catholicism. With an Accompanying Photographic Album. Published Under the Direction of Mgr. Alfred Baudrillart. 2 fr.
- W. B. Conkey Co., Hammond, Ind.:**
Religious Orders of Women in the United States. By Elinor Tong Dehey.
- Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York:**
The Haitian Revolution. By T. G. Steward. \$1.25.
- Press of Frank H. Evory & Co., Albany:**
A Rosary of Mystery Plays. By Margaret S. Mooney. \$0.75.
- B. Herder, St. Louis:**
Father Tim's Talks with People He Met. By C. D. McEnniry, C.S.S.R. \$0.75; A Book of English Martyrs. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F.R.H.S. \$1.10; The Life and Visions of St. Hildegard. By Francesca Maria Steele. \$1.35.
- Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:**
Red Wine of Roussillon. By Wm. Lindsey. \$1.25.
- Longmans, Green & Co., New York:**
Through a Dartmoor Window. By Beatrice Chase. \$1.50; Life of Henry Augustus Coit, First Rector of St. Paul's School. By Jas. Carter Knox. \$1.00.
- La Salle Extension University, Chicago:**
Business Psychology. By Hugo Münsterberg. \$2.00.
- John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia:**
The Pedagogical Value of the Virtue of Faith as Developed in the Religious Novitiate. By Brother Chrysostom, F.S.C. \$1.00.
- Princeton University Press, Princeton:**
Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men. By Edwin Grant Conklin. \$2.00.
- Pierre Téqui, Paris:**
Echos de Guerre. By Abbé M. M. Gorse. 3 fr. 50.
- Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York:**
Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare; The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. By André Lagarde. Translated by A. Alexander, Ph.D. \$2.50; Somewhere in France. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.00; The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. Edited by Jas. Hastings, D.D. \$3.00; The Story of Our Bible, How It Grew to Be What It Is. By Harold B. Hunting. \$1.50; The High Priestess. By Robert Grant. \$1.35.
- St. Mary's Industrial School, Odanah, Wis.:**
Noble Lives of a Noble Race. A Series of Reproductions. By the Pupils of St. Mary's, Odanah, Wis.
- Sully & Kleinteich, New York:**
The Pope's Peace Offering Calendar, 1916. \$0.60.
- The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids:**
Spanish Mission Churches of New Mexico. By L. Bradford Prince. \$1.50.
- University of Chicago Press, Chicago:**
The School and Society. Revised Edition. By John Dewey. \$1.00.

EDUCATION

The Schoolgirl in Old New England

"BE good, sweet maid, and let who will, be clever," is the advice of the mid-Victorian poet, by the ignorance whereof little Miss Abigail Adams came to sore grief on one sad day some two centuries ago. In the year of grace, 1651, this young lady on learning bent, was haled into the presence of the high court of New Haven in the colony of Connecticut, on the grave charge, one regrets to say, of "prophane swearing." Sundry witnesses of good repute affirmed that she was wont to employ such untoward phrases as "by my soul," "as I am a Christian maid," with other "prophanities," to the great scandal and disturbance of the godly townsmen. Abigail's mother seems to have acquiesced in the truth of these weighty accusations; and projecting her subliminal self into the twentieth century, suggested the school as the partial cause of the trouble. "She learned some of her ill-carriage," deposed Mistress Adams, "at Goody Wickham's where she went to school."

ARE GIRLS CHILDREN?

At this point, Mr. W. H. Small, who has written his "Early New England Schools" in a vein at once pleasant and profitable, breaks the narrative, and one is left to conjecture whether Miss Abigail, dust these many years, was set in the stocks or ducked, or merely subjected to a domestic spanking. History is silent. The incident proves, however, if assurance be needed, that even in those dour days of feminine subjection, girls occasionally went to school; but it is also fairly plain from other documents, that no great store was set upon their attendance at public institutions of learning. It is at Dorchester apparently, where a school, the fourth in the colonies, was set up as early as 1639, that mention is first made of the education of girls. In that year or shortly after, it was left to "the discretion of the elders and the seven men, whether maids should be taught with the boys or not," and this imposing personification of discretion thought that they should not. Judd, quoted by Small, shows that while the law allowed "children" to include girls, yet throughout the colonies girls either attended school not at all, or for short and broken periods. Nearly two centuries were to elapse before the girls found themselves, as Small says, on an equal footing with the boys.

THE FIRST STEP

As late as 1784, even so progressive a community as Dorchester shocked conservative public opinion by voting that "such girls as can read in a Psalter be allowed to go to school from the first day of June until the first day of October." Before this year, in Dorchester and perhaps generally, although exceptions are to be noted, girls might be taught reading, spelling, sewing, knitting, and "to work samplers," but such abstruse subjects as writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography, were held to be quite beyond the comprehension of the Female Mind. In 1793 the peace and harmony of the good town of Plymouth was well nigh wrecked in a meeting convoked to discuss the question of founding a school for girls. One worthy and tottering citizen, firmly wedded to the good old days, declared that "things had come to a pretty pass, when wives and daughters would look over the shoulders of their husbands and fathers, and offer to correct as they wrote, such errors in spelling as they might commit." But for all this dire possibility, the progressives won the day, and plans were made to open a girls' school, to be conducted for an hour in the morning and another in the afternoon, during six months of the year.

In 1790, the selectmen of Gloucester recommended that the master give some time "to the instruction of females, who are a tender and interesting branch of the community, but have been

much neglected in this town." The master obligingly complied; but in their next report, the selectmen incautiously remarked "that the time spent in teaching the females (one thinks of Dean Swift) was greatly beneficial to this amiable part of the community, greatly pleasing to their parents, and well improved by their daughters." The canny master awoke to find himself locally famous; whereupon he tendered a bill for this extra service. It was paid, ultimately, as one might say; which means with reluctance. Then as now, the laborious teacher was rarely deemed worthy of his hire.

THE "DAME'S SCHOOL"

Very probably the greater part of whatever education the girls of those days received outside the home circle, was given in the familiar "Dame's School." Boys were not admitted to the master's school until "they could stand up and read words of two syllables"; girls not at all, or in exceptional cases. It was at a dame's school that the youthful Abigail learned to swear; and it is whispered that many of these prim little Puritan Priscillas, "meek-eyed in their snoods," were in the habit of dipping snuff. Too much should not be made of these isolated instances, for the moral tone of the early New England schools was universally high; yet many a school was both wretchedly housed and miserably taught. Despite the general regard in which learning was held, the lot of the teacher, especially the woman teacher, was frequently a life of isolation and dependence. Often was she forced to give her work for a bare sustenance; rarely was she offered anything like a suitable recompense. Of more than one good lady is it written, that her weekly wage was seventy-five cents, with an addition of sixty cents for "board and victuals." Lydia Parker, of Sutton, New Hampshire, got six bushels of rye for six weeks of teaching in the autumn of 1791, and there is a record of that year, apparently from Dublin in the same State, which shows that a teacher received a weekly stipend of forty-four cents with a further allowance of thirty cents for her "upkeep."

SOME COLONIAL DAMES

Under these circumstances, it is not strange that applications for employment in the schools were not numerous, and that in many instances, evidence of "good conversation" was the only credential that the intending supervisor of a dame's school need present. Of one venerable lady who held school in a barn, it is related that "she did her best to teach the young idea how to shoot, but was plainly incompetent." It was this ancient gentlewoman who was wont to pronounce "anecdote," "a-neck-dote," and to define it as "a food eaten between meals." New Hampshire, however, had a famous dame by the name of Rachel Bill, and so skilled was the widow Abigail Fowler, that she was retained by the town of Salem from 1721 until 1771, in which year her ears were closed forever to the shoutings and the tumult of her far-flung battle-line.

In her autobiography, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore gives a quaint picture of a dame school, as she knew it in 1825; a school which, it is hoped, was exceptional. This establishment was presided over by a Goody who dozed in her chair, took snuff, drank tea, and often something stronger, from a bottle stowed away in the cupboard. "In one of these schools," she relates, "that kept by Ma'am Adams, I was regularly sent out to the grocery store for the teacher's daily eleven o'clock dram of New England or Santa Cruz rum." Edward Everett, on the other hand, retained kindlier impressions of his first teacher. "Considerately mingling the teacher and the nurse," he writes, "she kept a pillow and a bit of carpet in the corner of the schoolroom where the little heads, throbbing with premature struggles with the tall double letters and ampersand, with Korah's troops and Vashti's pride, were permitted, nay, encouraged, to go to sleep."

THE COURSE OF STUDIES

Not much in detail has come down of the curriculum of the early dame schools. Mr. Isaac Parker who was born in Malden in 1776, afterwards recalled, somewhat morosely, that he used to read a little and spell a little, after which he would be put to shelling beans. In 1737, the town of Boston licensed Mrs. Rebecca North to open a school "for the instruction of children in reading and the use of the needle," and in the same year Mrs. Elizabeth Hincke offered tuition "in reading, in philligree, and in sewing." Knitting, sewing, embroidering, and sometimes weaving, are found in most of the school programs. It was usually thought not worth while to instruct the girls in writing and arithmetic, but spelling seems to have been taught generally, together with reading in the New England Primer and the Psalter. The girls as well as the boys were thoroughly instructed in the Catechism, and a touch of professional jealousy is found in the instance in which the master at the public examinations, was accustomed to put the harder questions to the girls, allowing the success of his boys with the easier questions, to demonstrate his superiority over the school dame. A few private schools for girls gave instruction in writing, arithmetic, grammar, history and geography, but it was not until 1789 that the public schools of Boston itself, organized classes for girls in writing, arithmetic, composition and grammar. Even then the term lasted but from April to October, and it was only in 1828 that girls were allowed in school for the entire year.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

"The schoolmarm of former times, with her swarming hive of pupils," quotes Small from some unnamed author, "was an instructor of which no sample remains at the present time. She was a lifelong incumbent; always teaching little boys and girls to sit up straight and treat their elders with respect; to conquer the spelling book, repeat the catechism, never throw stones, never tell a lie; the boys to write copies, and the girls to work samplers." Not a wide curriculum nor a deep; and yet, an outgrowth of the times, it sufficed for the simpler, sturdier day in which it flourished. When Miriam Wood died in 1706, her sorrowing townsmen wrote her epitaph, "A Woman well beloved of all her neighbors for her care of small Folks education, their number being great." While none will wish for a return to the privations, the narrowness and the severity of this early period, yet with all their shortcomings, the New England schools made a mighty contribution to the slowly gathering forces which one day met to shape the policy of a new nation. Within the old system were those austere elements of discipline and training for the loss of which, we of a softer day are poor indeed.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Margaret O'Connor and the Industrial Commission

"MARGARET O'CONNOR," cried the Clerk of the Court, and a little woman bent with years and misery, crept to the bar of justice. Huddled about her, were the riff-raff of a great city, the devil's sweeping of corrupted womanhood; the thief, the "dope-fiend," the drunken hag, whose bleared eyes and swollen face told of a new debauch added to years of intemperance, yet hinted of a girlhood whose innocence was now not even a memory. Out on the Avenue the motor-cars were whirring; at a stone's throw from that dingy Night Court, violins were crooning, and the waters of a fountain softly plashed as the pampered sons and daughters of the idle rich gathered to turn night into day.

THE CHILDREN OF PLEASURE

Before morning dawned, a fortune would be dissipated in the pursuit of pleasure. Those very hangings of silk and damask,

that brave and shining show of glittering glass and polished silver would keep a dozen families in food for a year and to spare, might save many a son and daughter of the defenseless poor, starved in mind and body, from a fate far worse than physical death. But wealth must be served; men must work and women must weep and children be sacrificed, that my lady may loll on cushions of luxury, and the ways be made smooth for the progress of commerce and trade. Never before were wages so high; even the worker is satisfied. "We find," writes the Industrial Betterment Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, "that the weight of argument is clearly against the minimum wage; that there is no prevailing demand for the legislative minimum wage on part of either the employer or employee; that the facts in the case are not sufficient to warrant us in recommending minimum wage legislation at this time." Admirably said, and smugly; but here in the fetid atmosphere and the sordid surroundings of the New York Night Court is a Fact; a frightened and bewildered Fact, Margaret O'Connor, protesting, "Sure, Your Honor, I'm a dacint woman," and pleading the boon of being sent to the Poor House.

A DAUGHTER OF THE POOR

Margaret O'Connor is a witness to thousands, perhaps millions, like herself; more, she is a terrible indictment of the insatiable greed, the calculating cruelty, the diabolical injustice flourishing in an age which boasts that it is humane, enlightened, civilized.

Her story is easily told; repetition has made it common. She spoke truly when she said that she had always been "a dacint woman," for she had been the hard-working wife of a man whose days were filled with toil. He was one of that vast army of American workmen whose meager wages place but a week between them and poverty. Children had come, and had died. This family knew no luxuries; the enjoyments of the social life were to them things that one sometimes read about, wondering if they could be, and the only vacation was to be "laid off at the factory," an ever-present possibility to be regarded with horror. The bare necessities of life they had, but not always. The frugal meals, pitifully inadequate for the growing children, the poor clothes hardly sufficient to keep out the cold, the rent for the little home; these absorbed all the family earnings, and made financial provision for the future a complete impossibility. One by one the children went; an old man in his fiftieth year, the family breadwinner followed them, and then for fifteen years, Margaret had faced the struggle for an existence alone. With the delicate courtesy found in its perfection only among the poor, kindly neighbors almost as poor as herself, had come to her assistance, but now unwilling to be a permanent burden upon those already overburdened, she had come to beg a place in the Alms House. There she would have a roof over her head at least, and a place to rest her broken body, if nothing else beyond the memories of her dead.

INDUSTRIAL UNREST

In this era of prosperity, thousands of workmen throughout this glorious country give their honest toil, not for a just remuneration, but for what the employer is pleased to think sufficient. Examine industrial conditions in your own city. The toiler has more than the mere right to live, but the man whose daily work will not allow the possibility of providing against sickness, the slack season, and the unproductive period of old age, is always facing the immediate possibility of becoming a charge upon others. The continued recurrence, moreover, of unemployment, due to conditions altogether beyond the control of the worker, still further reduces his means of subsistence. Statistics recently published by the Department of Labor of the State of New York give the percentage of idleness among mem-

bers of representative trade unions from January to July of the present year. In building, stone working and allied occupations, this percentage was 44.4; metals, machinery and ship-building, 21; woodworking and furniture, 31.5; theaters and music, 27.2; clothing and textiles, 42.3. "The percentage of idleness caused by labor disputes was negligible," the report reads. "The idleness caused by disability remained as usual at a constant and insignificant amount. Practically all of the reported idleness was due to unemployment. Unemployment, in which lack of work is the chief factor, is the most significant indication of the state of the labor market, since it gauges the extent to which those who desire work, are unable to find it."

Furthermore, unofficial reports indicate that an ominously large proportion of wage earners are receiving sums far below the amount consistent with a decent standard of living; and the wages of the unskilled worker are so pitifully small, according to S. Thurston Ballard, of the Industrial Relations Commission, that it is almost impossible for him to maintain a family even with the most rigid economy. To seek the cause of these industrial disturbances, and if possible find a remedy, the United States Commission on Industrial Conditions was created. This body has recently published a synopsis of its findings. Reserving detailed criticism for later treatment, these findings may here be briefly summarized.

THE COMMISSION'S FINDINGS

Commissioner Weinstock, admitting questionable methods on part of some employers, believes that the majority are doing much to improve the condition of the laborer. They favor collective bargaining and a modicum of legislation on the minimum wage, but object to the policies which have been generally adopted by the trade unions, notably sympathetic strikes, contract breaking and the closed shop. Commissioner Commons with Commissioner Harriman, holds that distrust on part of the people, occasioned by the breakdown in the administration of the labor laws, is the greatest cause of industrial unrest. He recommends, therefore, the establishment of a permanent commission to handle industrial disputes. The Manly Report, signed by Commissioners Walsh, Lennon, O'Connell and Garretson, finds that industrial unrest flows from the following factors: (1.) Unjust distribution of wealth and income; (2.) Unemployment and the denial of an opportunity to earn a living; (3.) Denial of justice in the creation, the adjudication, and in the administration of the law; (4.) Denial of the right and opportunity to form effective organizations.

Two supplemental reports were also submitted. In the first, Mr. S. Thurston Ballard puts the causes of industrial unrest under five heads. (1.) Low wages; (2.) Unemployment through seasonal occupations, periods of depression, accidents and sickness; (3.) The development of large industries; (4.) Long working hours and unsanitary conditions; (5.) Unsatisfactory rural conditions. In the second report, Commissioner Garretson indicates four basic causes of industrial difficulties. (1.) The inequitable distribution of the fruits of industry; (2.) Unjust methods in the formation and administration of law; (3.) Irregularity of employment with its consequent restriction of opportunity; (4.) Land monopoly with the resulting prohibitive price.

To do away with the inequality and positive injustice ruling labor conditions, the Commission can only suggest the enactment of new legislation. Any other recommendation would, of course, have been beyond its power; but necessary as certain changes in legislation undoubtedly are, it is as clear as day, that even constitutional enactments cannot decide the matter ultimately. This can be done only when, in the words of Leo XIII, men have returned to the teachings of Jesus Christ.

JUSTICE, NOT EXPEDIENCY

It is moreover, thoroughly necessary that all legislation which proposes to alleviate the condition of the worker, be based upon principles of justice. Justice cannot regard the spoiling even of "a malefactor of great wealth" with equanimity. No principle of expediency can justify the absolute confiscation of property. The right to property is a right, whether the property-valuation be five billion dollars or five cents. But it should not be forgotten that the laborer's claim to a just return for his toil rests, not upon an appeal to charity or to a concession, but upon the foundation of strict justice. And in these days, when the bodies and souls of men and women, of young girls and even of little children, are ruthlessly exploited in the interests of Mammon, it seems necessary to present with emphasis, the ancient Catholic tradition which makes the process of defrauding a laborer of his wages, a crime that cries to Heaven for vengeance. The fact that Margaret O'Connor and her kind shall be always with us, furnishes no justification for the continuance of economic and social conditions which license tyranny and make the most odious cruelty a commercial virtue.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The teamsters' strike in St. Louis last month was settled by an arbitration board of one, Father Timothy Dempsey, pastor of St. Patrick's Church. He did not have to import strike-breakers from another city to accomplish the work, at the expense of blood and sorrow. How he did it is hard to say, for not being a social "uplifter" he does not give interviews to the reporters. Traffic was about to come to a standstill one day in August, when this unassuming priest settled the trouble. He is a busy man too, for he manages a workingmen's hotel, a day nursery and an emergency home. The "Team Owner's Association" has given formal acknowledgment to this lone strike-breaker by helping the charities that are under his care.

Another "loyal remnant" is just now clinging to the "Rock" represented by the successor of Peter. When the Caldey community came into the Church, Brother Anselm Mardon went apart from his brethren and under the auspices of Viscount Halifax, a sort of lay pope for the Anglican establishment, set up an abbey at Pershore. If reports be true, the beginnings were auspicious enough, from an Anglican standpoint. The Bishop of Worcester dedicated the house, the brawling Kensittes invaded it to protest against "Romish" superstition, a sometime oblate from Caldey became chaplain and so on. Two years have passed; seven or eight men knocked at the monastery door, tarried awhile within and then went out into the darkness, or light perhaps, and Brother Anselm grew sick at heart and with soul ahungry for peace turned longing eyes to Caldey Isle, whither at last grace drove him, and now the chant of the monks thrills his soul with a new and strange emotion. He is home at last, a Catholic. Pershore has collapsed, Caldey is strong with God's life.

According to the New York *Evening Post* there is another storm brewing in the Massachusetts teakettle. The kettle is expected to explode on election day. Hot tea and force will thereby be let loose, the latter to push one Cushing into the gubernatorial chair, "and thus end the Catholic menace," the former to scald to death all his opponents, papists and friends of papists. The correspondent of the *Post* mentions all in a breath, "new organizations of the secret anti-Catholic order which is reported to be spreading in all parts of the country;" "Masonic meetings where the traditions of the

order were disregarded and where there were open speeches about the duty of the members to vote for Cushing and so end the Catholic menace," and several other instruments of enlightened propaganda, such as a strong letter signed by four men "headed by Reverend Dr. O. P. Gifford, a very active Protestant minister in this movement," who urges his "dear brother" to work for Cushing for whom "practically all the Protestant ministers and theological professors in the State" are to vote. Wicked, low-browed, illiterate papists, how they persist in interfering in politics.

The ninety-ninth cause of the world's greatest war has just been discovered in Glasgow, Scotland. The exact place of discovery is the imagination of a parson; the discoverer is the parson himself, not his wife; the cause discovered is the Jesuits. The Glasgow *Herald* was quite taken with this idea, until the preacher was asked to prove his assertion. That was a wicked request. The holy man could offer no proof; that is bad, but worse still he may be started on a fresh investigation of his phantasy, and then, who knows where he will stop? The Little Sisters of the Poor, the Little Sisters of the Assumption and a thousand such, have like the Jesuits, plotted all iniquities from the sin of Adam to Scotch whiskey and the Scotch "Sabbath." It would be dreadful, if they were caught at their tricks.

Great men are glorified in many ways, and Cardinal Newman is no exception to the rule. His sterling piety, penetrating intellect and marvelous style have exalted him to the very pinnacle of fame. True he was a stumbling block to many, to Achilli for instance, and his like, but heretofore no one ever thought of fastening Huxley's spiritual ruin on the great churchman. Yet he ruined Huxley, deprived him forever of his sense of right and wrong. And sad to say the whole world now knows all about the wretched proceeding, for recently at a Unitarian meeting held on the Pacific coast, the Reverend M. Simons, a preacher of Cleveland, Ohio, trumpeted to his fellows in the faith the sad story. After lauding San Francisco as "a saintly city in the making," he pleaded for more reality in religion, and referred to Huxley's remarks that on reading Cardinal Newman he lost the power of distinguishing between right and wrong. Dominic Sampson would have found this "prodigious." It is not though; the good preacher is ingenuous, that is all. The effect produced on his soul by "Alice in Wonderland" and "Grimm's Fairy Tales" has never been outgrown. Some day he will look "over the garden wall" and then no doubt will discover that agnosticism counterbalanced the influence of the godless Newman and made Huxley great.

China is marching toward Rome, and the journey is exquisitely described by a zealous Franciscan in the July *Ecclesiastical Review*. In the last decade the number of neophytes has grown by leaps and bounds. This table will give some idea of the increase:

	Number of Catholics in China proper, Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet.	Missionaries.			Churches and Chapels.
		Foreign.	Chinese.	Total.	
A. D. 1886.....	515,587	471	281	752	2,429
A. D. 1895.....	581,775	693	370	1,063	3,119
A. D. 1901.....	720,540			1,375	4,126
A. D. 1906.....	828,151			1,717	6,893
A. D. 1914.....	1,015,107	1,452	745	2,197	

The writer of the article quoted gives many reasons for this triumphal march of the nation to Christ, but under God, what more powerful reasons are there than the zeal of the missionaries and the blood of the five bishops, the fifty or more priests, the seven nuns, the several Brothers and the 20,000 Catholic lay folk slain by the Boxers? The Father in heaven who was moved to redeem the world by the blood of His Son is raising up children to these victims of pagan

wrath. Their blood is as a million tongues pleading for those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

"The Free Lance" of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, has written this result of his investigations into war documents:

Some specimen names of gallant Frenchmen mentioned in the orders of the day of December 8-11, 1914:

Abdesselm Mohammed.

Ahmed ben Kaboui.

Amar ben Ahmed.

Other intrepid Gauls, mentioned in the orders of December 2-13:

Meyer.	Schenebelin.	Schumaker.
Schneider.	Wirth.	Brau.
Gunter.	Fehner.	Fischbach.
Heim.	Hirschauer.	Geschwind.
Knoblock.	Hesse.	Kleindienst.
Keck.	Mittelhauser.	Koch.
Fuchs.	Schmidt.	Karcher.
Ehrard.	Widersprach-Thor.	Nyssen.
Weiss.	Zittel.	Vogel.
Schmitt.	Hirtzmann.	Wehrle.
Roeckel.	Grunfelder.	Hebel.
Finck.	Hartmann.	Hoffinger.
Fonck.	Kurtzmann.	Kuntz.
Hochstetter.	Keller.	Munch.
Klein.	Krause.	Schoettel.
Kaufmann.	Esselborn.	Witte.
Muller.	Doerler.	Scheloch.

The names of intrepid Britons are almost as significant; these are the Keneally's, and the O'Leary's, and an Issy Smith, all Anglo-Saxons, many of them of Irish extraction, one a Jew.

Doctors often disagree in private, seldom in public. When the latter event happens, the result is entertaining not only to scholars but to those who make no pretense to letters. Just at present two doctors are in public disaccord over Roger Bacon; one is the hardened old Positivist, Frederic Harrison,—Frederic without a "k" lest he be accused of sympathy with the Teutons—the gentleman who in the early nineties consecrated Chicago babies to humanity capitalized and to buncombe without a capital; the other is Professor Lynn Thorndike of Western Reserve University. Mr. Harrison writes like a "Greekling": his knowledge covers every phase of the topic under discussion. Probably that is the reason why he makes the astounding assertion that the successor of Clement IV was appointed for three years! But be that as it may, Bacon's "bold original mind, . . . made him suspected of 'new ideas' and heresies, and . . . in 1257 he was removed to Paris from Oxford and placed under close supervision or imprisonment. . . . In 1278 . . . he was condemned for heresy and imprisoned. . . ." So far Frederic Harrison, in the *North American Review*. Professor Thorndike on the other hand has this to say in the September issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*:

There seems no adequate proof for a single specific instance of persecution of men of science by the church for purely scientific views in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The occasions when such men got into trouble and when we know the reason why, are just those occasions when they left science to dabble in theological or ecclesiastical concerns. Roger Bacon has often been pictured as a long-suffering martyr to the cause of science, but this is a legend constructed from historians' imaginations and added to by successive writers; the sources indicate that he was imprisoned only once, and then we do not know for how long nor whether his scientific work had anything to do with it. On the other hand, many cases might be mentioned where popes and prelates patronized and protected medieval men of science, while Peter of Spain became pope himself.

So the "doctors" disagree; but it is well to note that in this passage Thorndike talks with the caution of a scholar, while Harrison's article rocks with the abandon of a Positivist.